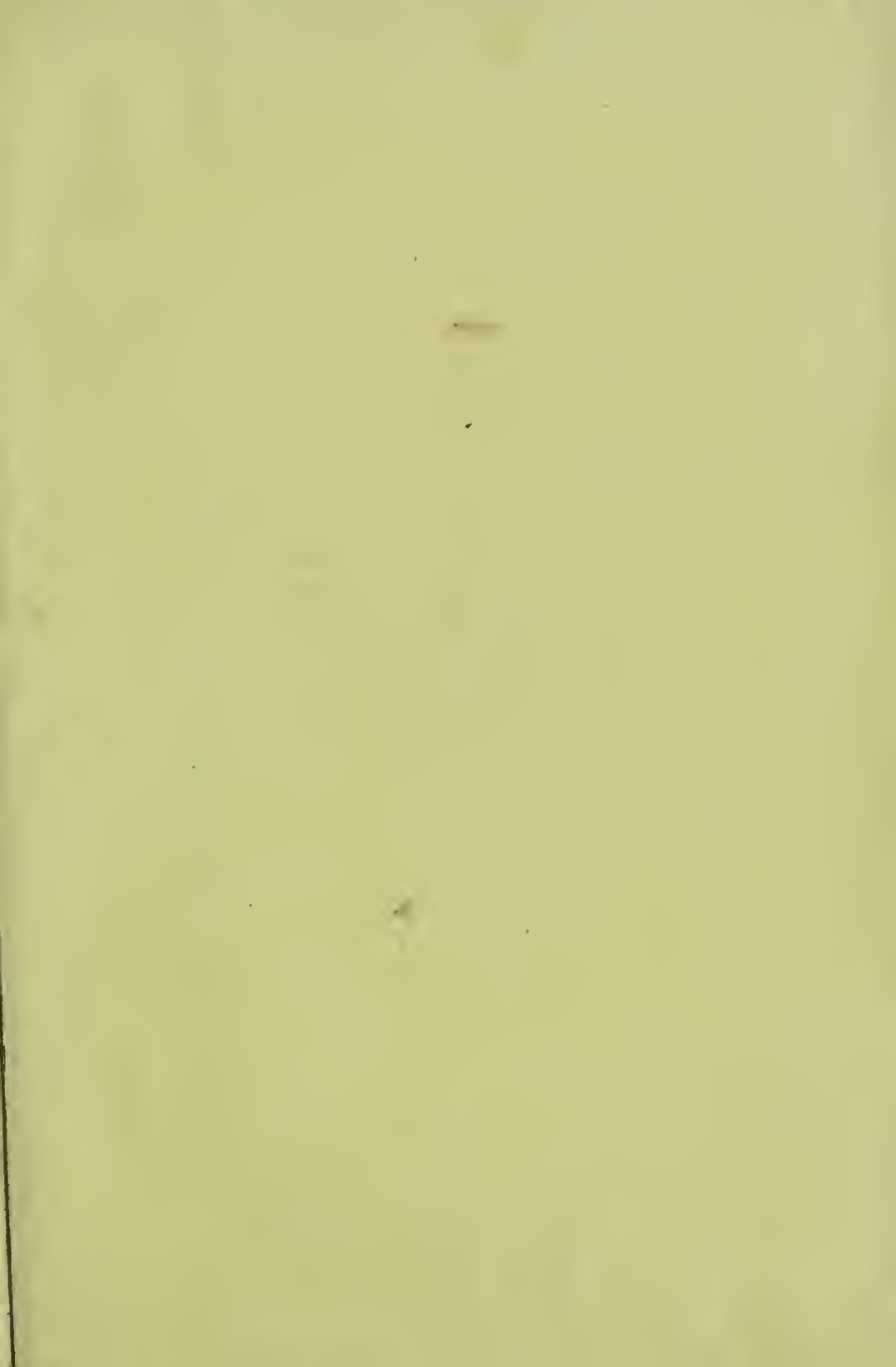



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The religious souvenir, a
Christmas, New Year's and





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THE
RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

A

Christmas, New Year's and Birth Day Present

FOR

MDCCCXXXIII.

EDITED BY

G. T. BEDELL, D.D.

RECTOR OF SAINT ANDREW'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

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PREFACE.

THE Editor, to whom has been entrusted the adjustment of the matter for the 'Religious Souvenir,' and whose name the Publishers have requested might stand upon its title page, feels very deeply the responsibility attaching to the preparation of a work like this. When the idea was first suggested to him by the enterprising publishers, he felt disposed to decline it, on the score of health hardly equal to the undertaking, and the pressure of the duties appertaining to the oversight of a large city congregation. But, on mature reflection, and he hopes not without the desire of Divine direction, he determined that it was

his duty to undertake the work, as he thought he perceived the immense advantage which might be gained to the cause of *religion*, by his bringing it before the minds of a large class of readers, in a form at present so decidedly popular as that of an Annual. In the prosecution of his design he immediately commenced a correspondence with some of our best religious writers in every section of the union, soliciting their contributions; and he is happy to say, that all to whom he wrote acknowledged the utility of the plan, and the greater part of them promised their assistance. It has been the aim of the Editor to accomplish two purposes; to make the work now presented to the public, *first* of decidedly religious utility, and second, of literary interest. His mind does not hesitate a moment in believing, that, by the blessing of God, he has been enabled to accomplish the *first*, and he hopes that, on a diligent perusal, his readers will not be disappointed in the *second*. He is not unwilling to hazard his reputation, as a Christian and a

minister of the Gospel, on the truth of the declaration, that not one line or word will be found in the volume which might cause a Christian to fear its being put into the hands of any one to whom he might desire to present it; and he also trusts, that, in the contributions with which he has been favoured, there will be found sufficient evidence of so high an order of talent, as to secure the work the favour of an enlightened public. All but one of the articles is original; and this will easily be distinguished. As to the original articles, the initials of the writers are attached to their several productions. The most of the names may be judged of, by those who are conversant with our American writers. Had the Editor been permitted to give them in full, it would have added to the interest of the work;—but this was beyond his control. The Editor has furnished as little matter for the work himself, as the nature of the case would allow: those articles for which he is responsible as author are those to which no signature is attached. The design

of the work, it is confidently believed, will by all be approved: of its execution there will be difference of sentiment. If it does good, the object of the Editor is gained. Should the present volume meet the approbation of the public, another will be commenced for the succeeding year, the matter of which will be of a still more elevated character than could be ventured in the almost untried field which this volume occupies.

CONTENTS.

Happy New Year.	13
What is thy Hope?	22
The Passing Bell.	26
Alpine Mastiffs, or the Dogs of Saint Bernard.	30
My Mother.	55
Night.	59
Sabbath Evening in the Country.	62
The Blessings of Adversity.	65
Sacred Lyrics.	81
The Patriarch.	84
Tyre.	106

Dreams.	109
Midnight Hymn.	118
The Sunday Infant-School Boy.	121
To the Evening Star.	131
The Empty Bier.	132
The Prophet Elijah.	134
Christian Laconics.	137
Saint John's Vision.	151
The Christian Soldier.	155
The Angel Choir.	163
Washington.	167
The Flood.	169
The Lady of Shunem.	170
Passages.	191
Counsels to the Young.	196
Hymn of the Reapers.	212
The Vision.	214
The Last Days of Autumn.	221
The Duellist.	223

CONTENTS.

Parental Regret.	240
The Great Refiner.	243
The Missionary.	245
Samson.	262
Shall I consent to become his Wife?	266
Christmas Eve.	270
The Inscription on the Cross.	278
Closing Thoughts.	281



EMBELLISHMENTS.

- I.—Frontispiece. The Mother. Engraved by Ellis
from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. . . . 1
- II.—Alpine Mastiffs. Engraved by Tucker from a Pic-
ture by Edwin Landseer. 30
- III.—Sunday Evening. Engraved by Steel from a Pic-
ture by R. Westall. 62
- IV.—The Patriarch. Engraved by Neagle from a Pic-
ture by Cook. 100
- V.—The Prophet Elijah. Engraved by Steel from a Pic-
ture by Martin. 134
- VI.—Elisha raising the Shunamite's Son. Engraved by
Longacre from a Picture by West. 188

VII.—Parental Regret. Engraved by Wellmore from a Picture by Scheffer.	240
VIII.—Samson. Engraved by Smillie from a Picture by Lucas.	262
IX.—Crucifixion. Engraved by Keenan from a Pic- ture by Martin.	278

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

“HAPPY New Year, Happy New Year!” cried half a dozen of ruby faced children, as they burst into the parlour where their father and mother were sitting just ready to take their places at the breakfast table;—and they were soon made happy by receiving the fond kiss customary on these occasions, and espying the basket under the table, which they rightly judged contained the presents of which they had all night been dreaming.

I hardly dare to say when the circumstance above related occurred, for it would give an air of too great *antiquity* to my subject. With the improvement of the age, and the march of intellect, there are some old customs, which I am disposed to think unhappily forgotten; and one of them is this very custom of children and servants wishing a *happy new year*

to the heads of the domestic circle, and receiving in return, not only some kind expressions of good will, but some more manifest tokens of regard in the shape of presents. These are among the 'small things' of life which ought not to be despised; for however trifling they may appear, they most certainly have a tendency to draw closer the cords of social enjoyment. If the state of society some century and a half ago, was rather too stiff and formal, it is now too much relaxed and independent. I remember a great uncle, who used to entertain me sometimes, when I was too boisterous and free for his taste, by telling me, that when he was a child, he always was used to make a bow when he came into the room where his parents were sitting, and he never presumed to take a seat till he was told, and that then he sat perfectly still, and never spoke till he was spoken to. This I think was all wrong, because, I apprehend, the warmth of affection may be somewhat chilled; but, at the same time, I am not without some misgivings whether even *this* is not better than the rude and unmannerly deportment of some children at the present day. I have seen much of the world, being fond of travel, and myself a member of what may be called 'good society,' so that my intercourse wherever I am, is always among persons of the most respectable

standing; and I have remarked that the children of the present day are very different from those I have heard and read of, in the time of our forefathers. I have seen many a family of children enter the parlour in the morning, and never think of any respectful address to their parents or elders, such as 'good morning,' &c.; and I have seen them, when there was company in the room, making themselves as noisy as they listed; and I have seen them at table, helping themselves to what they pleased, and expressing their likes and dislikes, as if they were perfectly their own masters. Now all this may be very fine, and indicate a great improvement in society, but to my old fashioned taste, I am not sure that the 'old ways' were not *on the whole* better calculated not only for domestic happiness, but for the ultimate welfare of the children themselves.

But methinks my readers will begin to wonder what all this has to do with 'happy new year:'—well, let it pass, and I will go back to my story. I happened to be on a visit to a friend in the city of ———, and intended only to spend the Christmas holidays; but a storm of snow detained me till the third of January; and as I am always an early riser, I was in the parlour, when Mr and Mrs Smith (for so I shall call them) came down. After such recognitions as

were suitable to ourselves, we sat down to chat, and in a few moments we were broken in upon, by the exclamations with which I began my relation. As soon as the breakfast was despatched, which was hastily done (for I have never seen children who had much appetite when their expectations of some other gratification were high), the basket was placed on the table, and Mrs Smith, who officiated on the occasion, soon removed the mysterious cover, and unveiled the contents. I do not stop to tell what these were. There was a great variety, and all judiciously selected. I saw no cakes or sweetmeats. There were a few oranges and nuts and raisins, but the mass was principally made up of work bags, &c. for the girls, some appropriate articles of amusement for the younger boys, and some articles of utility for the servants; there was also a doll for the infant: but the most I saw was in the form of books—really good, substantially useful books, such as were calculated to interest the attention, and inform the understanding; and they all were selected with a view to their *religious bearing*, for Mr and Mrs Smith were fully persuaded that it is unlawful for Christians to put any books in their children's hands, but those that at least shall have a religious aspect. I involuntarily put my hand into my pocket, to draw out some

half dozen little books with which I had provided myself; and I recollected at once, that I had *thoughtlessly* bought one of the high priced English annuals, more for its beauty than any thing else, and which I had intended to present to Eliza Smith, the eldest daughter. This book was filled with most exquisitely beautiful engravings and touching stories, but *no religion was there*. I had read it, and admired much that I had read; but my conscience misgave me soon after I had bought it, for there were some pieces of amatory poetry, and some stories calculated to foster false taste and sentiment. When I saw how much more judicious the parents had been, I thought at once, Shall I put what may do harm amidst all this good? shall I play the part of a serpent in this paradise, and tempt to food which may be 'pleasant to the eye,' but not calculated to 'make men wise' or good. I withdrew my hand, determined rather to be thought churlish, than, at the risk of harm, win a childish affection. The thought passed my mind—what a pity that there is not a RELIGIOUS ANNUAL, which may be safely given as a new year's present.

As soon as the presents were opened, and admiration had exhausted its vocabulary of *beautiful*, *elegant*, *delightful*, and some dozen or so of such expressions, Mr Smith observed, "I think your mother has for-

gotten something." Mrs Smith then drew from the basket a small roll of paper, tied with a delicate blue ribbon, and on it was written, 'For *all* the children.' Then was curiosity more intensely awakened; and I must confess that I was not without some little share of it myself. However, we were not kept long in suspense: Mr Smith took the roll, and, carefully untying it, read the following title, 'The parents' new year's present to their beloved children;' and then he read what I now give exactly as it was written:

"Dear Children:—Some of you for a greater, and some for a lesser number of years, have been in the habit on the morning of the first day of the year, of wishing your parents 'a happy new year;' and it has not only been the sincere desire, but the most earnest and heartfelt prayer of your dear mother and myself, that you all may experience many, very many happy returns of this same season of joy and congratulation. But how much is implied in the wish of a happy new year, how much more than any of you have ever yet thought of. You have wished your parents a *happy year*. What is it, my children, that will make the year *happy* to them? They are already happy in the love of your tender and affectionate hearts; and they have reason to be thankful to God, that you are not

only affectionate, but that you have proved yourselves, on the whole, obedient children; not that there has never been any evidence of waywardness, or that you have never given cause of uneasiness; but that your parents have been enabled, by the blessing of God, in some degree to counteract such evil tendencies as they have perceived. But now we have anxieties of a very different and peculiar character. Some of you are so much grown, that you are more or less removed beyond the continual superintendence of our eyes. What then will make us happy for the year to come? It is that *every one of you* should resolve *this day* to give your hearts to God, according to this, His tender request—‘Son, give unto me thy heart.’ Your parents have often talked with you, from you, Eliza, down to your little brother William, and presented the claims of religion, with all earnestness and affection, and they have never ceased to pray with you, and for you, that you might ‘remember your creator in the days of your youth.’ What can make *them* happy, if *you* should grow up careless of your greatest and best of friends and benefactors, even of HIM who died on the cross that you might be saved? Your father and mother do not wish to pour the gloom of evil anticipations over the happy character of the present day; but they wish it im-

pressed upon your minds, that both *they* and *you* must die; and that there can be no rational probability of happiness, either here or hereafter, which is not founded on religion, embraced with the heart, and carried out into the life.

“Dear children, the only way that you *yourselves* can expect a *happy year*, is to yield your hearts to God; and then you will find his own words true, that the ‘ways’ of religion are ‘ways of pleasantness,’ and that ‘all her paths are peace.’ The only way in which your kind and affectionate wishes of a *happy new year* to your parents can be realized, is, that you seek to make *them happy*, by securing *your own best happiness*. If *you* are happy in the love of God, *they* must be happy, for they have no wish for you, but that you may become the ‘children of the Lord.’ And now, my dear children, let us sing our new year’s hymn;—and then, when we have commended ourselves to the Lord, let us begin to enjoy rightly our *happiest new year*.”

I hope my readers will not accuse me of weakness, if I say, that I wept outright, but they were tears of delight. I saw the eyes of the lovely children bathed in tears, but they were not such tears as are shed for pain which may not be alleviated. Mr Smith read an appropriate hymn, which was sung, if not with the

skilful execution of the practised choir, at least with the feelings of awakened religious sensibility. When it was over, he asked me as a friend, to lead the devotions of the domestic circle;—and I had reason to thank God, for as HAPPY A NEW YEAR, as had ever fallen to my lot to enjoy.

WHAT IS THY HOPE ?

WHAT is thy hope? Oh! if to the earth,
 Like the grovelling vine, it clings,
 Nor shoots one aspiring tendril forth,
 In search after higher things:
 In vain is it nurtur'd with ceaseless toil,
 Confined to the cold world's ungenial soil;
 Each prop that supports it must perish, and all
 Its buds of fair promise unopen'd fall—
 Alas! for the hopes that are nourish'd here,
 'Midst the storms of earth's changeful atmosphere.

Then what is thy hope? To what pitch of pride
 Would thy restless ambition tower?
 Wouldst thou over fallen empires stride,
 To the summit of human power?
 Couldst thou conquer realms, make thy *will* their *law*,
 And hold the subject world in awe;

Should kings as vassals attend thy nod,
 Thou must die, and thy spirit return to God ;
 And how worthless are sceptres and thrones of power
 To a monarch's soul in his dying hour.

Say, what is thy hope? Dost thou pursue
 Of pleasure the giddy round,
 With the phantom of happiness ever in view,
 Where *true happiness* never was found?
 Oh ! plunge not, in search after bliss supreme,
 'Midst the whirlpools of pleasure's polluted stream :
 Amidst her mad orgies, thou never canst find
 Joys worth the pursuit of a rational mind ;
 Oh ! fly her seductions, resist her control,
 She poisons, debases and ruins the soul.

But what is thy hope? Dost thou pant to find
 Of riches a treasure untold ?
 Thou never canst purchase peace of mind,
 Nor a length of days, with gold.
 It procures no exemption from worldly woe,
 Nor will death, for a bribe, his prey forego :
 Though thou hoard up wealth, and 'add field to field,'
 No advantage in death will thy treasures yield,
 Thou must leave thy possessions to other men—
 And where will thy hope and thy soul be then ?

Yet what is thy hope? Is it that which leads
The aspirants to glory forth,
To win for themselves by heroic deeds
The fleeting applause of earth?
Thou may'st couple thy name with high renown,
And send it to future ages down,
And men yet unborn may applaud the tale:
But what will their plaudits to thee avail,
When thy form shall be mould'ring amongst the dead,
And thy soul to the last great audit fled?

Then what is thy hope? Consider how high
Is thy destiny, think on the worth
Of a soul that is born for eternity,
Though it sojourn awhile upon earth.
Oh! why are the views of immortals confin'd
To narrower limits than heaven assign'd?
Why, when form'd to exist in a happier sphere,
Should we bury our expectations *here*,
And vainly seek for substantial good
In a world of unceasing vicissitude?

What is thy hope? Will it stand the test
Of nature's expiring hour?
Like armour of proof will it shield thy breast
Against the grim tyrant's power?

Will it gladden thy soul and dispel the gloom,
The horror of darkness that veils the tomb,
When the damps of death to thy brows shall start,
And the life-blood ebbs from thy freezing heart?—
Away with it else!—it is worse than vain
To cherish a hope that shall fail thee *then!*

But hope thou in God! To a dying hour
This hope sweet assurance brings,
When worldly preferments and wealth and power
Shall all be forgotten things.

Aye, hope thou in God, though a feeble worm :
And thy soul shall be safe, and thy confidence firm—
Thou shalt traverse in triumph the gloomy abyss
Which divides the eternal world from this—
And consigning in hope thy frail flesh to the sod,
Thy soul shall ascend to thy Saviour and God.

S. S. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE PASSING BELL.*

THERE'S solemn warning in thy voice,
 Thou deep-toned bell,
That on a thousand reckless ears
 Pour'st thy sad knell.

Thou tell'st life's pilgrimage is o'er
 With some lov'd one,
Whose struggling soul hath pass'd away
 With yonder sun.

There is a sound of woe and wail
 In thy deep tone,
Proclaiming sweet affections crush'd,
 Fond hopes o'erthrown.

* In many parts of our country, it is the practice to toll the bell of the church, either on the death or at the funeral of those who die.

Oh now how many tender ties,
That twin'd the heart
In sacred ligaments of love,
Are rent apart!

How many now in bitterness
Of anguish weep,
Echoing back thy notes with sobs
' Not loud, but deep !'—

There is a warning in thy voice
Solemn indeed,
When for their souls with dying men
Thou seem'st to plead.

Awful, yet plaintively, to me
Comes thy deep toll,
As if the parted spirit's voice
Spake to my soul.

“ Mortals !” it cries, “ life's chequered scenes
My feet have trod,
I go to appear before the throne
And bar of God.

“ My actions are seal'd up, my term
Of trial o'er,
No farther space for penitence
Is given me more.

“ Oh ! that the knell which now proclaims
A brother dead,
Might rouse reflection, ere your days
Like mine are fled !

“ Bethink ye of the mortal pangs
Of that dread hour,
When ye will shrink, yet cannot fly
From death's fell power.

“ Ye votaries of the world, who sport
On the grave's brink,
From your besotted revelries
Awake ! and *think* !

“ Time flies !—your measur'd moments all
Sweep swiftly by,
A dread eternity draws on,
And ye must die !”

Such are the solemn thoughts thou wak'st,
Mournful death-bell,
As sullenly on the still air
Floats thy sad knell.

S. S. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

ALPINE MASTIFFS, OR THE DOGS OF SAINT BERNARD.

Illustrative of the Providence of God.

WHERE shall we look, and not see the providence of God displayed?

Of the quadrupedal portion of creation, the dog is pre-eminently the sympathising companion and attached friend of man. The sincerity of his fidelity, who has distrusted? His generous devotion to the pleasures and wishes of his master, what ill-usage can repress—what kind treatment overpay? Or who shall say that the arts which adorn social life are unworthily or unwisely employed in asserting the claims to human regard, and even to human gratitude, of a noble creature, to whom, if the faculty of speech has been denied, other modes of acquiring

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Engraved by Tucker





and exerting pleasurable impulse, benevolent motive, efficient power, and sagacious conduct, have been freely and abundantly imparted, so as to vindicate at once the divine dispensations, and the various relations of the comprehensive system of Providence. Doubtless the eminent services and the delight which we derive from the canine race, are earthly blessings from the bounty of the great Parent and Author of universal existence.

The superb Alpine mastiffs which we have essayed to represent, and who reside in considerable numbers with the hospitable monks of the Great Saint Bernard, are not merely a credit to their kind, but not unworthy of being classed with the most interesting and grand of Nature's productions. Alas! our philosophy seldom rises above our egotism. If their moral and social value may be estimated by the lively concern which these animals evince, and the severe hardships which they willingly or dutifully endure, for the sake of suffering humanity, no created thing whatever should rank higher in our esteem. Native, if not aboriginal, inhabitants of the higher regions of the Pennine Alps; inured to the rigours of eternal winter; trained, taught and fed, by the benevolent monks of the hospiti^{um} or monastery, which religion has taught philanthropy to plant, about eight thousand

two hundred English feet above the level of the sea, and near the summit of that lofty ridge, the road across which is now become the principal pass to the plains of Italy from the valley of the Rhone—they issue forth from the comforts of its ever-cheering fire side, generally in couples, following the track of the raging or drifting snow-storm, or the desolating avalanche, as other dogs follow the scent of game, or the exhilarating joys of the chase. They are the living life-boats of these dreadful, desolate and tempestuous regions, the sole object of their constant solicitude being to discover and rescue whatever travellers may have been overtaken and overwhelmed by these sweeping elements of destruction.

But this benevolent employment of these eminently useful creatures, as I am informed by the senior Mr Colnaghi, who has frequently passed the Alps, and by various routes, is by no means locally restricted to the pass of Saint Bernard. They are also cherished and their services appreciated, at Mount Cenis, the Simplon, Saint Gothard, and along the whole Alpine range. We are therefore, probably, justified in deeming them aborigines. Indeed, all the larger and stronger races of dogs would appear to have originally proceeded from the colder regions of the earth.

Captain T. Brown, of Edinburgh, in his very in-

teresting 'Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs,' terms these animals 'Alpine *spaniels*;' whether with technic propriety, I am not able to decide. All other writers call them *mastiff's*. He says, that 'in point of intelligence the Alpine spaniel may be reckoned about equal to any of the species, and has the greatest aptitude for learning any thing to which he may be trained. He is peculiarly adapted to those stormy regions, the Swiss Alps; and Providence, in the wisdom of its arrangements, seems to have placed him where he was to be the most serviceable to mankind. By marks in the snow, but principally by the scent formed from the breath of the persons who may have fallen into pits or been overwhelmed, they discover the buried traveller.' As depicted in our engraving, when the dogs are sent forth on their humane mission, one of them has a flask or small keg of brandy suspended from his collar; the other has signal bells, by means of which the monks are conducted to the particular spot where their services may be needed, and is also provided with a sufficient quantity of warm, woollen drapery, which is wrapped and buckled round his body, and in which the shivering sufferer, if able, may enwrap himself. Less influenced than man by apprehended dangers, and better fitted by their gigantic strength and vigorous

constitution to encounter the real hazards of these elevated and inhospitable regions, the Alpine dogs exert themselves with as undaunted resolution and perseverance to save, as the wilder quadrupeds to destroy. In truth, the courage that might be stigmatised as temerity, and the spirit of romantic daring that in man, when intent on his more sublime purposes, is reckless of peril, appears in these majestic mastiffs as if it were both urged and bridled by a superior power—by a power which, while it admits not the influence of that soul-felt virtuous enthusiasm, which in a noble cause is careless or disdainful of self-preservation, or that heroic love of a glorious perpetuity which shall reach beyond the grave, is yet bold, generous and exemplary in its obedience to the calls of duty.

‘There is,’ says Mr Brockedon, ‘no passage of the Alps which affords to the traveller greater pleasure, either in the enjoyment or the recollection of his journey to Italy, than that by the great Saint Bernard; for, besides the wildness of this Alpine pass, and the beauty of the valley of Aosta, through which the road to Turin continues after it leaves the mountains, the kind reception which he experiences from the religious community at the hospice, on the summit of Saint Bernard, is remembered as long as

he can be grateful for the devotion which induces these excellent men to offer to the traveller their welcome, and spread for him their hospitality in the wilderness.

‘Beyond the village or bourg of Saint Pierre, the scenery assumes a character of savage grandeur; and through the forest, named after this saint, the path winds among old pines and larches, and over and between rocks which prohibit all means of passing, except to the foot of the traveller or his mule; and beyond the forest the plain of Prou is seen bounded by lofty mountains, glaciers, and that highest peak of the Saint Bernard, the Mount Velan; the river passes at too great a depth beneath the level of the traveller’s feet to be heard, and the whole scene is silent and desolate.

‘Beyond the plain of Prou the acclivity is ascended by a steep and dangerous path, where the traveller is exposed to avalanches during the winter and spring. It is here that many of the victims to the storms of these regions are found, and two *chalets* have been built; the one to shelter the living, the other as a receptacle for the dead. These chalets are called *l’hôpital*. This spot is regularly visited in the dangerous season by the brethren of the convent, their servants, or their dogs, to search for and assist un-

fortunate travellers, and to leave some refreshment at one of the chalets.

‘ Before arriving at the convent, the traveller recrosses the river (or rather mountain stream) on the Pont de Nudri, and then, ascending by an abrupt path, traverses a bed of snow which few summer seasons are favourable enough to melt. Here the roof of the convent is visible, and in ten minutes he receives the cheerful and welcome reception of the monks of Saint Bernard at their dwelling in the clouds, where they exercise a general hospitality, without regard to the religion or country of those whom they assist, and voluntarily engage themselves, by vow, to devote their lives to the succour of those who traverse the desert which they inhabit. The convent is massive, strong, and adapted to its perilous situation, on the very crest of the passage, where it is exposed to tremendous storms from the north-east and south-west; in other directions it is sheltered by the mountains Chenellitaz and Mont-mort—for the name of Saint Bernard, like that of the Saint Gothard, is given to the passage, and not to any particular mountain.

‘ Visitors universally acknowledge the kind and courteous attention which they receive from these excellent men, particularly at table; they are freely

communicative respecting their establishment, and conversation has no restraint but in the respect which their characters demand. The language used by them is French, though there are Italians and Germans among them. They are well informed upon most subjects, and intelligent upon those in which their situation has been favourable to their acquiring information. The periodical works of some academic bodies and institutions are sent to them, and they have a small library, which is chiefly theological. During their short summer, their intercourse with well-informed travellers is extensive: this gives to their inquiries a propriety, and an apparent interest in the affairs of the world.

‘Under every circumstance in which it is possible to render assistance, the worthy religieux of Saint Bernard set out upon their fearful duty, unawed by the storm, and obeying a higher power; they seek the exhausted or overwhelmed traveller, generally accompanied by their dogs, whose sagacity will often detect the victim though buried in the snow. The dogs, also, as if conscious of a high duty, will roam alone through the day and night in these desolate regions, and if they discover an exhausted traveller, will lie on him to impart warmth, and bark and howl for assistance.’

The philosophical writers of the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' go farther on this part of the subject than our author. They tell *at what depth* the dogs are enabled to discover the snow buried sufferer. They do not name their authority, and the fact which they have recorded is scarcely credible; but their language is impressive, and we cite the passage; for though themselves are, as we presume to think they ought not to be, anonymous, the auspices which usher their writings to public notice are of the first respectability.

'Most remarkably are the monks assisted in their truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupifying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten, or even *twenty feet* beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him, offers a chance of resuscitation. They scratch away the snow with

their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance.'

As far as respects the dogs, the reader will readily trace enough of resemblance between these written descriptions proceeding from different pens, of a frequent natural occurrence, and our engraved representation of a similar incident, but the addition of a word or two concerning our overwhelmed traveller may probably not be thought irrelevant. It is intended that a student in science should be recognised, since human suffering becomes more pathetic and affecting when combined with merit. He is, therefore, a naturalist. As no vegetable production, save the rhododendron, finds rootage and sustenance in these rocky and frozen regions, the reflecting reader is more likely to construe him to be a mineralogist than a botanist, who, protected by gloves and a vest of fur, and a cap of velvet, has been roaming alone among the Appennines, and whose pursuits and contemplations have been arrested by an *avalanche*, or a *tourmenté*. He has been beaten down or has fallen; the chill death sleep, or lethargic stupor has seized him: and the faithful dogs have found him. They have evidently been for some short period of time at their work of disinterment and resuscitation: one of them

is sounding forth his hoarse and solemn bark, to inform their masters that they have met with an adventure, while the other licks the hand, and steadfastly regards the eye of his patient, as the index of returning animation.

Sir Walter Scott, who, whenever a dog comes in his way, always treats it with the regardful feeling of a friend and the skilful tact of a connoisseur, writes of that which belongs to the Lady of Avenel, that, 'looking in her eyes, he seemed to ask her what she wanted,—or what he could do to show his attachment?' Our brindled and nearer mastiff has, or is intended to have, a certain modification of this expression. Or perhaps I should say, he looks as would a benevolent physician, who wishes to ascertain and longs to witness, the good effects of his medicaments. Can this dog feel anxious hope? The accomplished naturalist will not quarrel with us, if, assuming the affirmative, we should add our own hopes that the spectator will think he can, and does; and that the stark and extended student will revive and proceed on his way rejoicing. But more than hope is not meant to be indicated; and the eyes of this Alpine race of dogs being small in proportion to their gigantic bulk, of course do not admit of so much optical expression as if they had been larger; though, on this very

account, they are better suited to endure the arrowy sleet of the mountain storms, and the white glare of the snow. In the back ground, at different distances, some of the monks and their domestics are seen hurrying with becoming solicitude toward their task of charity. To proceed with our citation—

‘These wonderful exertions are often successful, and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years.’ The *Morgue* of Saint Bernard, or receptacle for the dead, is a scene of melancholy interest. We again have recourse to Mr Brockedon, who says, ‘it is a low building, a few yards from the eastern extremity of the convent, where the bodies of the unfortunate victims to storms and avalanches in these mountains, have been placed. They have generally been found frozen and put into this horrid receptacle in the attitude in which they perished. Here many have dried up and withered, and on some even the clothes have remained after eighteen years. Among the latest victims were a mother and child.

‘The air passed freely through the grated windows without bearing to the nostrils of the observer the

foul evidence of its transition through this dreadful place. From the rapid evaporation at this height, the bodies had dried without the usual decay. In a walled enclosure on one side of the *Morgue*, was a great accumulation of bones, white, broken, and apparently the gathering of centuries. Upon this rocky and frozen soil, they could not bury the dead, and, probably, as they dry up without offence, they are placed here for the chance of recognition. Some additions to this sepulchre are annually made, for the perilous passage by this route during the winter is more frequently undertaken than is generally imagined. Many are prompted by the necessity or urgency of their affairs at this season, to traverse the mountain: they are generally pedlars and smugglers, who travel in defiance of storms and avalanches. In these high regions the snow forms and falls in small particles, which congeal so soon and so hard, that they do not attach and form flakes in descending, and instead of consolidating beneath the pressure of the feet of the traveller, the snow rises around him like powder, and he sinks to his middle: whirlwinds, called *tourmentés*, raise the snow in dust; unable then to discover his path, he falls over some precipice, or, not less frequently, into some obscure and unsuspected pit. The *avalanches* too have numerous

victims. Those of spring are occasioned by the submelting of the snow, which undermines their support; the winter avalanches are produced by the accumulations of snow on the steep sides of the mountains, which, having little cohesion, at length become heavy enough to exceed the supporting power, when enormous masses slide off into the valleys beneath with a suddenness and violence which the prior at the convent compared to the discharge of a cannon-ball; these render the approach to the hospice, particularly on the side of the Valais, very dangerous.'

'Of the vertebrated animals, those which most easily acquire habits from man, are quadrupeds; and of quadrupeds, those which are most easily modified are the species which belong to those united in groups, naturally, by the social affection.

'The senses of the higher quadrupeds, such as the dog and the horse, are the instruments by which man employs them for his use; and he renders those senses more powerful in proportion as he cultivates the faculties by which the senses are disciplined. The dog, certainly, has the greatest sympathies with man of all the race of quadrupeds; and the nearer an animal approaches us, and the more easily he comprehends us, the more we are enabled to modify his nature and form his character.

‘ Almost every country in the world possesses its different kind of dog, and in each of these kinds there are essential differences of character, produced by education. The Esquimaux dog draws a sledge; the shepherd’s dog guards a flock; the mastiff protects a house; a dog very similar in nature worries a bull; the Spanish blood-hound hunts the naked Indian to the death, while the *dog of Saint Bernard* rescues the perishing man at the risk of his own life.

‘ Why is this? These dogs have been accustomed, partly by nature and partly by education, to regulate their senses by the exercise of attention; to condense their faculties for the service in which they are engaged; to direct their capabilities to the one object which is necessary to be attained. They are generally successful; and their success offers a valuable example to our higher faculties.’

If, then, the dogs of the Saint Bernard are capable of sharing with its hospitable monks, and with the philanthropical portion of mankind, in this disinterested devotedness to duty; in their submissiveness to denial and restraint;—surely they are honestly entitled to, at least, their earthly meed of human approbation, and to their unsolicited niche in the graphic temple of fame: surely they will not be deemed unworthy subjects of such commemorative and exemplary

display as the arts of poetry and painting can confer: surely the brilliant imagination and the pen of Rogers, and the pictorial talents of Turner, and of Edwin Landseer, need not blush, but may rather glory in having indulged or expanded themselves in diffusing the knowledge, and recording the virtues of the hospitable fraternity of Saint Bernard, and the bold obedience and fearless bearing of their well-trained and dutiful dogs.

Neither religion nor ethics denies that active benevolence is the acme of moral conduct and merit. If there be any thoroughly established maxim of conduct, it is the favourite aphorism of the Abbé Raynal, that 'no life can be pleasing to God, but that which is useful to man.'

Having treated, to the extent of our information and of our present occasion, of the dogs of Saint Bernard, a few anecdotes we have been able to collect, will not be unacceptable to the reader.

One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his strength and sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of Saint Bernard since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the stories of his extra-

ordinary adventures. He himself perished about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at Saint Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of Saint Pierre, in the valley, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks endeavoured to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable animal whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches, which came thundering down. We scarcely know whether to regard it as deepening the melancholy catastrophe of this domestic tragedy, that the very same fatal calamity overtook the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope of obtaining news of their expected parent. They all perished.

Captain T. Brown, of Edinburgh, in his very interesting 'Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs,' has related an affecting story, which the reader will probably be best pleased to see in his own words. 'A German almanack,' he says, 'contains some details concerning a dog, named Barry, one of the predecessors of those which lately perished

amid the snow of the Great Saint Bernard. This intelligent animal served the hospital of that mountain for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost his breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks. One day, this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice-house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, induced the child to tie himself round his body and in this way he carried the poor little creature as if in triumph to the hospital.' There is a French engraving of this incident, the inscription beneath which adds the distressing information, that the boy's mother had been destroyed by an avalanche which spared her son. 'When old age deprived Barry of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne. He is now dead, and his skin stuffed, and deposited in the museum of that town, with the little flask or vial in which he carried a reviving

cordial for the distressed travellers, suspended from his neck.'

The captain records another anecdote, which I shall somewhat compress, of one of these heroic and discerning quadrupeds, who appears to have literally understood his master's words, and even zealously to have adopted his resentful feelings. This dog was in the service of the Count de Monte Veccios, a veteran officer whom the republic of Venice had neglected, and who, having to request a favour of his superior in command, general Morosini, waited upon him on the morning when, by appointment, he expected the doge to partake of an elegant and expensive collation, the preparations for which were then on the table. The favour was ungraciously refused: and as the count retired from his audience in dudgeon, he patted his dog and said, in the Italian language, "You see, my friend, how I am treated." As soon afterwards as the dog observed his master to be thoroughly engaged in conversation, he took the opportunity of stealing back to the saloon of the haughty general, and, eluding observation, seized hold of a golden tassel at one of the corners of a superb table-cloth; ran forcibly backward, and drew it after him, till the ground was bestrewed with battered plate, and broken porcelain, glasses and confections.

Sometimes the members or domestics of the convent of Saint Bernard have fatally suffered in their efforts to save others. On the 17th of December 1825, three of these domestics with two dogs descended to the vacherie on the Piedmontese side of the mountain, and were returning with a traveller, when an avalanche overwhelmed them. All perished except one of the dogs, which escaped by its prodigious strength, after having been thrown over and over. Of those who fatally suffered, none were found until the snow of the avalanche had melted in the ensuing summer, when the first was discovered on the 4th of June, and the last on the 7th of July. One of these unfortunates was Victor, a fine old domestic, whom Mr Brockedon, from whom we quote this anecdote, well remembers in his first visit to the convent in 1824.

The avalanche, which overwhelmed poor Victor and his unfortunate companions, descended from Mont Mort. It was down those very beds of snow—much more extensive in May (the season of his passage) than at other times of the year—that Napoleon slid with his soldiers; boldly following the example of some of his troops, and encouraging the army which had encountered so much difficulty and danger in its march across these Alps, from the 13th to the 20th of

May 1800, when such an attempt was fraught with peculiar danger, from the exposure of the army to the frequent avalanches of the spring season. The passage of his army, under such circumstances, with its artillery and materiel, is one of the most stupendous military events on record. Under the direction of general Marmont, who commanded the artillery, and Gassendi, the inspector of the ordnance, the cannon were dismounted and placed in hollow trunks of trees, and thus dragged up the steep and dangerous ascents by one half of a battalion, while the other half carried their own and their comrades' arms and accoutrements, with provisions for five days. The gun carriages and ammunition wagons were taken to pieces, placed on mules, and thus conveyed across the mountain. The soldiers were obliged to walk in single file, and when the head of a column rested, it checked those behind; availing themselves of the halt, the soldiers refreshed themselves with biscuits steeped in melted snow; then again advancing, they beguiled their labour and renewed their energies under the inspiration of national songs; combining hilarity with patient endurance.

The following anecdote is from Latrobe. 'The largest of their dogs, Jupiter, was the general favourite, at the time of my visit, as the most sagacious and useful of the race. He had saved the lives of a woman

and child a short time before. It appears, that he knew some one had passed the hospital, and set off habitually, or stimulated by his lofty and exemplary sense of duty, to see who it was. His absence was observed by one of the servants, who followed his trail, and found him posted over the drift where the poor woman and child were about to perish.'

The various species of dogs, say the naturalists, although so numerous, 'are but varieties of the same animal; their generic characteristics being in all cases the same.' Their differences, however, of dimension and form (putting colour out of the question) are so great, as to warrant our belief in their different races.

All the larger and stronger species of dogs would appear to have proceeded from the colder regions of the earth.

The Alpine mastiffs resemble the dogs of Newfoundland, but are somewhat more bluff-headed. Like these, a considerable quantity of long hair or mane keeps their neck and shoulders warm; and nature has supplied them with semi-web feet, by means of which they readily row themselves along, when in the water.

The first and the second of the dogs of the Saint Bernard breed, which arrived in England, were variegated with fawn or cinnamon colour, and white. The former

had already distinguished himself by rescuing a lady from drowning, after his arrival in England, when he was somewhat less than a year old. His length at the time, including his tail, was six feet four inches, and his height measured to the middle of his back two feet seven : but he afterwards became the property of a lady at Leasowe Castle, near Liverpool, where he grew considerably larger. I never heard of his death ; but, as it is fifteen years since he quitted London, he probably exists no longer.

The second which arrived, and which appears in our present graphic exhibition standing and barking, while his feet are actively employed in clearing away the snow, wore his proper costume of a collar lined with black fur, embossed by some Swiss artist with lions and sphinxes, and furnished with bells. The nearer and sitting dog, who is so intently busied on her work of humanity, was a female, was richly brindled, in patches, partially white, and was somewhat older and larger than her companion. She became the property of Thomas Christmas, Esq., but the change from her early habits, and from the ice and snow of her Alpine birth place to the genial warmth of a London summer, she was but ill able to endure, and she proved but short-lived.

She was exceedingly docile, good tempered, and

fond of children, though somewhat clumsy in her caresses and hilarious gambols; and, while meaning to bear herself with the blandishment and gentle breeding of a lap-dog, would knock down your little daughter with licking her face and neck.

In eliciting canine attention, and inculcating the performance of those habitual and humane duties of which we have been discoursing, it appears not improbable, that the example of the elder dogs may have considerable influence on the motions and actions of the younger. Mingling itself with the encouraging smiles and kind expressions of their benevolent masters, there can be no doubt that this would effect much: and whatever may be the other arts of training and discipline resorted to, the instinctive vigilance which is characteristic of the mastiff is not subdued, nor perhaps impaired by it, though the temper and manners are softened and civilised. When Mr Rogers, on his way to exchange honours with the classic poets and artists, and to luxuriate amid the romantic and inspiring scenery of Italy, crossed the Pennine Alps, he stopped, like ordinary travellers, to refresh himself at the monastery of Saint Bernard; and, with his accustomed habit of attention to passing phenomena, he approached one of the great dogs, which was, or appeared to be asleep. It is more than possible that

the dog was not asleep, and mistook the caution which was dictated by the poet's desire not to disturb him, for the stealthy approach of some inferior and less friendly mortal. If asleep, some slight accident suddenly awakened him, and he leaped up to the surprise of the musing traveller, and seized him by the coat, little dreaming that the rapt pilgrim of nature was before him, who was destined to spread through both hemispheres, and transmit to posterity, the knowledge of the philanthropy of his patrons, and the fame of his own eminently useful services.*

* This article, written by J. Landseer, F. S. A., accompanied the original picture from which our engraving was taken.

MY MOTHER.¹

OH! is it mine, no more thy care to prove,
No more to meet those looks of quenchless love?
Of late I met thee with a fond embrace,
While tears coursed down the smiles upon thy face,
Thou wast so full of tenderness and joy,
To greet again thy well-loved wandering boy:
My mother, oh! my mother, art thou gone?
A pang like this, my heart hath never known.

How little thought I of an hour like this,
When on my lips was pressed thy parting kiss!—
Thy many kindnesses and gentle words
Thrill in my heart among its deepest chords,
And move the fountains of my inmost soul—
I seem to hear thy mournful death-peal toll;
My mother, oh! my mother! What on earth
Can fill the place of her who gave me birth?

Methinks I see thee in yon fields of light,
With harp of gold, in robes of purest white,
Attuning praise. Hark!—It was but the moan
Of autumn winds. I feel myself alone—
Alone on earth, with none to love like thee;
A love so pure, so deathless and so free.
My mother, oh! my mother: from thy rest,
Dost thou look down upon thy son distressed?

Can I forget, my little hand in thine,
How oft we walked to hear the truths divine?
Or how my lisping tongue was taught to pray
With every rising sun and closing day?
When 'neath thy roof it was my lot to dwell,
Too oft I pained thee, I remember well:
My mother, oh! my mother: as a dart,
Strikes every pain I gave thee, to my heart.

Can I forget that, folded to thy breast,
My tiny form oft sunk to rosy rest,
Heeding the brook which murmured by the door,
Or trees that waved their shadows on the floor?
On thy dear bosom laid each childish grief,
And even pain and sickness felt relief.
My mother, oh! my mother, lifeless, cold,
They say thou sleepest beneath the church yard mould.

When round the fireside thy lone band shall meet,
Or at the table—ah that vacant seat!
The village altar, when, with solemn air,
The pastor feeds his flock low kneeling there,
Shall mourn thy absence—‘ All her sins forgiven,
Our sister,’ shall he say, ‘ has fled to heaven.’
My mother, oh! my mother, o’er thy bier,
There ’s none who knew thee, but will drop a tear.

Say, when disease had fastened on thy frame,
Was I remembered—didst thou call the name
Of him who then was from thee far away?
They tell me thou wast often heard to pray,
In tones most fervent, ‘ Oh! my absent child,
Guide him, dear Saviour, through this desert wild.’
My mother, oh! my mother, it was kind,
In death’s dark vale, to call me thus to mind.

Back to that rural spot where all things mourn,
Perchance, some time my wandering feet will turn,
Stand by thy grave and weep, and mingle tears
With his, who chose thee in his bloom of years,
The loved—the honoured, bowing now with age,
And walking tremblingly o’er life’s last stage.
My mother, oh! my mother, sad and lone
His weary days will be, now thou art gone.

Farewell!—My spirit faints, my lyre unstrung,
Scarce breathes the note its mournful chords among.
Still, though I see thy bark moored on that shore
Where rude winds sweep and tempests rage no more—
From life's hard warfare though thou hast release,
And heaven has sealed thy everlasting peace :
Still must I weep; and more than tongue can tell
Do feel, to bid thee, sainted one, farewell.

E. B.

STANTON, VA.

NIGHT.

The glittering stars,
By the deep ear of meditation heard,
Still in their midnight watches sing of Him.

THOMSON.

I LOVE thy reign, majestic night!
Thy sweetly solemn hours,
When stars pour down their holy light
On this dark world of ours;

As if, like beacon-lights, their ray
To us were kindly given,
To guide our thoughts from earth away,
And point our hopes to heaven.

Are they the dwelling place of those
Who here on earth have trod,
The path which, through contempt and woes,
Conducts the saints to God?—

And look ye from those radiant spheres,
Those golden realms of rest,
Back on this world of guilt and tears,
Ye spirits of the bless'd?—

The day is joyous with its songs,
Its sunbeams and its flowers,
But mild magnificence belongs
To night's serener hours.

Upon her glittering diadem,
Blazoned in every star,
Shines forth the glorious name of Him
Whose handy-work they are.

I love to watch their radiant course
Across the deep blue sky,
While sullen surges murmur hoarse,
And whispering winds reply—

Winds, that like spirit-voices sound
Amongst the swaying woods,
And wake a thousand echoes round
Our mountain solitudes.

Thee, Lord, they praise! each wind that sweeps
The dark woods, and the sea,
And floods from their unfathom'd deeps
Lift up their voice to Thee.

Monarch of majesty and might!
How was thy power displayed,
When yonder firmament of light
And all the world were made!

How grand!—how beautiful the arch
Of night's unclouded sky,
When countless planets hold their march,
And praise Thee silently!

The day is joyous with its songs,
Its sunbeams and its flowers;
But high and holy thought belongs
To night's serener hours.

S. S. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

SABBATH EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

I'VE seen upon the city's bound
 The sabbath evening close ;
But thoughtless throngs with varied sound
 Disturb'd its blest repose :—
I've mark'd it o'er the rural scene
Unfold its sheltering wing serene,
 While, hush'd to concord sweet,
Breeze, grove and dell, and stream combin'd
To soothe that silence of the mind
 Which woos the Paraclete.

I stood beside a lowly dome,
 Where peace and love abode,
And fragrant through that cottage home
 The breath of summer flow'd,—



Drawn by R. Westall.

Engraved by T.W. Smed.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Fresh flowerets through the casement peer'd,
The sleeping dog no harshness fear'd
 His master's feet beside,
While he, in true contentment blest,
With every anxious thought at rest,
 The gathering twilight eyed.

She too, his friend from youth to age,
 The dearest and the best,
Gave to his ear that sacred page
 On which their hope did rest;—
The aiding glass was o'er her eye,
And from her cheek the roseate die
 With gayer years did part,
But her calm brow that beauty spake
Which time more exquisite doth make,
 The beauty of the heart.

Fast by her side, with blooming face,
 Her gentle daughter rose,
Nurtur'd in all the simple grace
 Which pious care bestows.
Maiden!—thou hear'st that word whose power
Can give thee, for thy trial hour,
 Strength when the heart doth bow,
Peace though the stricken bosom bleeds,

Eternal life when earth recedes,—
Oh! learn its spirit now.

As a fond mother's evening kiss
Doth lull her weary child,—
Kind nature pour'd a smile of bliss
Around the landscape mild;
But though in love to all she spoke,
Though her soft tones in music broke,
Like balm her breezes stole,—
Yet nothing seem'd of joy to tell
So pure,—as in that hallow'd cell,
The Sabbath of the soul.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CT.

THE BLESSINGS OF ADVERSITY.

Illustrated by the History of Mr W.

PROSPERITY is that condition of human existence, which most covet; but uniform experience attests, that it more frequently injures the character of a Christian than improves it. It creates so many sources of enjoyment, that he is in danger of withdrawing his affections from things unseen and eternal, to those which are visible and temporal: for 'who are so likely to mind earthly things, as those who abound with them? Who has so many ties to life? No condition, indeed, here will bear any comparison with the future state of the blessed; yet, according to our present views and feelings, the mansion, and the pleasant scenery around, have more power to attract and retain, than the desolateness of the poor house. How little have some to resign? How often does the heart's bitterness lead them to sigh, 'I loathe it, I

would not live always'—'Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest, I would haste me from the stormy wind and tempest.' What uneasiness have others to excite them! How much have they to give up! How deep rooted are they; and what force is necessary to loosen them from their position!

And though prosperity increases their obligations to love and honour God, yet, in general, by making them more independent, it makes them more ungrateful. It induces a conformity to the habits and customs of the men of the world; promotes self-indulgence; engenders pride; damps the ardour of zeal for the universal establishment of the kingdom of Christ; and by the extravagance of its expenditure in dress, furniture, recreations and the various departments of domestic economy, it leaves but a very scanty proportion of its abundance for the claims of charity and religion. Indeed, we rarely see a prosperous Christian, a consistent Christian; and though I would not place every one under the ban of the divine displeasure who has on earth a goodly heritage, yet, I often deplore the unhallowed influence which a state of prosperity has over the heir of immortality. If it does not always corrupt his principles, it generally weakens them; if it does not always destroy his taste

for the things of the spirit, it usually vitiates it; and if it does not invariably break up the habits of private, and social, and public devotion, it generally disturbs them; and hence we may seldom find a spiritually minded Christian, one who is alive to the powers of the world to come—intense in his hungering and thirsting after righteousness, on whom prosperity smiles from the beginning to the ending of the year.

I had often passed a neat little cottage in the suburbs of the town, but was not conscious that I had any knowledge of its inmates, till I was compelled one evening to take shelter in it, from the fury of a tremendous hail storm. When talking with the good woman, whose manners and style of conversation bespoke a high degree of mental cultivation, I seemed to have an indistinct recollection of her form and features; but it was not till her husband entered the room, that I actually recognised her. I was now no less astonished than gratified, by finding myself under the roof of an old and intimate friend, whom I had not seen for many years. The following is a sketch of his history.

Mr W., when our intimacy commenced, was just rising into notice, as a young man of superior intelligence and piety; equally distinguished by the suavity of his manners, and the amiability of his dis-

position. He held an important station of trust in a large wholesale establishment; and stood so high in the estimation of the firm, that when he went into business on his own account, they very generously assisted him by a loan of money; allowing him also an extension of credit on the goods which he purchased of them. His store was in a first rate situation, and as he was very generally respected, his business increased with a rapidity that exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Having now occasion for a wife to manage his household department, and the means of supporting one, he made an offer to a young lady who was a member of the same Christian church with himself, and whose father, on the day of their marriage, presented him with ten thousand dollars. This union, which was founded on the basis of reciprocal attachment, contributed not only to the increase of his domestic happiness, but his relative respectability, by bringing him into alliance with families which stood high in public esteem and confidence. But alas! the fatal influence of prosperity on his spirit, and on his habits of devotion, was too soon apparent; and in process of time, he became more eager after the riches of earth, than the glory of immortality. He had many afflicting visitations of Providence in the death of his children, and in his

own personal indisposition ; but they did not yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, because he was too deeply absorbed in his secular pursuits. At length, the scene was suddenly changed : the sun of his prosperity went down while it was yet day ; the night of adversity came on ; and he became involved in difficulties from which he was unable to recover himself. Like many other aspiring persons, he was not contented with the regular profits of his retail business ; and, therefore, to accumulate a fortune with dispatch, he sallied forth into the wide field of speculation. The success which attended his first efforts in this hazardous enterprize encouraged him to proceed ; but, instead of realizing the gains he anticipated, one tremendous loss succeeded another, till he was reduced to a state of absolute and irretrievable ruin. He was now compelled to fall back into more private life ; and took the situation of collecting clerk to the firm which he served before he entered into business for himself.

“ I am not surprised, sir,” he said to me, “ at the reverse which has taken place, because in my prosperity I provoked the Lord to jealousy. He gave me wealth, and though I did not bow down and worship it, yet it became the idol of my attachment—alienating my thoughts and affections from the living and true God.”

“I long anticipated,” added Mrs W., “some severe dispensation of providence, because the trials with which we were exercised in the loss of our children produced no permanent effect on our minds. We wept, it is true, when they left us and were carried to the grave; but, instead of inquiring into the reason why our living comforts were smitten by the stroke of death, we were as eager after the riches of the earth, as the most devoted men of the world.”

“Yes,” replied Mr W., “and the increase of wealth, instead of yielding satisfaction, merely served to inflame the passion of desire after more.”

“Then I presume, while you were under the ensnaring influence of the love of accumulation, you neglected to cultivate intimate communion with God.”

“We never, sir, entirely abandoned the habits of devotion, but its pure and heavenly feelings had long, very long, been annihilated in my heart.”

“Then I presume the Sabbath afforded you no enjoyment?”

“The Sabbath, sir, was to me in general, not only a dull, but very painful day. I could not abstain altogether from public worship, but often felt inclined to do so, because the faithful ministry of our pastor at times almost drove me to despair.”

“The Sabbath is now,” added Mrs W., “our best day—it is both a day of rest, and a day of devotion.”

“Yes,” said Mr W., “the scene is indeed changed, and though the change has been attended by some distressing circumstances, yet I bless God that he has brought it about.”

“Then, sir, you feel no disposition to murmur?”

“Murmur! no, sir. If I had retained my fidelity to God in the days of my prosperity; if while he was enriching me with the wealth of earth, I had still had my conversation in heaven, I might have been permitted to have held on my way without meeting the evils which have befallen us; but I proved unfaithful to him, became vain in my imagination, and my deceitful heart led me astray. He has, by the reverse which he has brought to pass, shown me my folly, my guilt and danger; and once more brought me into fellowship with himself. We have been forced, it is true, out of our rank in society, we have lost a large fortune, and have been abased before others: but we have gained by our losses, sweeter, purer and more durable felicity, than the accumulation of wealth ever afforded; and are once more permitted to take our station amongst the sons of God, to whom he gives manifestations of his favour which are withheld from those who mind earthly

things. I can now say, 'I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.' "

"I often murmured in my heart against him," said Mrs W., "for removing our children from us; but now I see the kindness which dictated those painful visitations of his providence. They were taken from the evil to come; and we are undeservedly relieved from that load of anxiety, which we should necessarily feel if we had a large family to support with our comparatively scanty means."

"But I hope your means are sufficiently ample to enable you to enjoy the comforts of life."

She paused, looked steadfastly on her husband for a few seconds, and then replied, "Our means, sir, are more than sufficient to supply our actual wants; but Mr W. thinks it his duty to appropriate a portion of his income, to discharge some debts which he feels bound in honour to pay."

"Your afflictions, my friends, have been severe; but I perceive, from the tenor of your remarks, that they have increased rather than destroyed your mutual happiness."

"Yes, sir, they have been severe. When I first heard of my husband's insolvency, I was overwhelmed in distress; and no tongue can describe the agony I

felt, when obliged to exchange our splendid mansion for this humble roof. But, sir, now I see the end of the Lord in all these afflicting dispensations ; I can say, that comparative poverty with his blessing, is preferable to boundless wealth without it.

‘ Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies,
E’en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.’ ”

“ Then I presume you do not, like Lot’s wife, look back with regret on the possessions which you have been obliged to resign, coveting their repossession? ”

“ I believe, sir, that we both make the prayer of Agur our own ; and beyond this our desires are not extended. ‘ Remove far from me vanity and lies ; give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me ; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord ; or, lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.’ ”

After taking tea with them, and promising to repeat my visit, the storm being over, I retired, meditating on the advantages which a Christian often derives from adversity. ‘ In the review of my own varied intercourse with society,’ says an intelligent author, ‘ I confess nothing so vividly and powerfully affects me, as what I recollect to have met with

from pious individuals, exemplifying the spirit and resources of Christianity under bodily disease, and the losses and bereavements and disappointments of life. Oh, when I have visited such a martyr—such a witness for God; when I have found him standing in the evil day like a rock in a raging current with sunshine on its brow; when I have observed him full of tribulation in the world, and of peace in Christ; mourning more for his sins than his sorrows; afraid of dishonouring his profession by impatience and unbelief; more concerned to have his crosses sanctified, than to have them removed; turning a tranquil eye towards the infliction, and saying, ‘I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me’—‘Just and true are all thy ways, O thou King of saints’—‘He hath done all things well:’ when I have witnessed religion—and I have witnessed it—accomplishing achievements like these, I have said of it, ‘I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee.’

As this relation may fall into the hands of some, whose pleasant things have been laid waste by the desolations of Providence, I would urge upon them the importance of ascertaining, if possible, the reason why the Lord has thus afflicted them. Sometimes

this is so obvious that it immediately strikes the eye of the inquirer. He has sinned, and his own wickedness is employed to correct him. The objects of your lawful affection may have been the objects of your idolatrous attachment; and therefore they are removed that you may love God supremely. You may have carried your diligence in business to such an extent, as to have the whole of your time so absorbed in attending to its various claims, that you have had none left for meditation, for prayer, for the house of God; and therefore you have been permitted to form connections with parties that have defrauded you. You have possibly calculated with too much confidence on the attainment of a high degree of felicity, when a favourite scheme of speculation has been accomplished; but, alas, its very accomplishment has entailed misery upon you, because neither in its arrangement nor in its execution, did you take counsel from above. You now see your error, while suffering under the inflictions which it has brought upon you; 'return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.'

But afflictions are not always to be viewed as punishments for actual sin; as they are frequently employed to prevent its commission. The great apostle of the Gentiles was in danger of becoming

high-minded ; but the Lord was pleased to guard him against it. And how did he secure him ? ‘ And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.’ This affliction was so severe, that ‘ he besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from him :’ but no ; the answer was, ‘ my grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.’ ‘ Ah, Christian, if you could see things as they really are in their moral relations, how many of your sufferings might be explained upon this principle. You have perhaps examined yourself : and though you have always enough in your general unworthiness and imperfections, to render you vulnerable to trouble, yet you have been able to discover no one duty that you have knowingly omitted ; no one idol that you have knowingly adored. But the case was this,—you were not vain, but you were becoming so ; and it was needful to withdraw the adulation and the incense in time. You were not avaricious, but you were becoming so ; and it was necessary to lay waste the gain which made you think of accumulation. You had not worshipped the creature ;—but the growing fondness would soon have made you kneel, had not

the desire of your eyes been taken away with a stroke.

‘ We are little aware now of the obligations we are under for our preservation to the goodness of God ; and the reason is, because the preservation which hinders the injury, hinders the discovery. But there are no blessings for which we shall be more thankful in the world of light, than preserving mercies ; and we shall then perceive that the greater part of these were administered by afflictions. These often answered the prayer, ‘ and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’ These checked us ; but it was when going astray.’

Afflictions are sometimes sent to call into exercise the varied principles of the Christian character ; and thus to strengthen them. Hence they are found to promote humility. There is a native independence in some minds, which in relation to man is a high and noble virtue ; but in relation to God, is a daring and presumptuous sin. When one is made rich, and the glory of his house is increased, he is apt to assume this language : ‘ who is the Lord that I should obey him ?’ and if this language be not always uttered by the lips, the principle of its dictation may be found lurking in the heart. It must be removed, and the hand of adversity is employed to do it. Death enters

the dwelling place of domestic bliss, and turns it unto the house of mourning: the imaginary connection between a judicious speculation and success is broken asunder: losses and disappointments follow each other in rapid succession, and the wreck only is above the waters, and that is in danger of sinking. The sufferer is roused and alarmed: he begins to mistrust his own wisdom, to reproach himself for confiding in his own arm of strength; falls down humbled and self abased, and prays, 'Lord, save, or I perish.'

They call faith into more direct and vigorous exercise. The Christian professes to believe, that if he acknowledge the Lord in all his ways, he will direct his paths; but when all things move on in perfect harmony with his wishes and feelings, his faith remains in a quiescent state. A change takes place: tribulation and anguish are come upon him, and he sees no way of escape. Friends are either powerless or unfaithful: it is with him the hour and power of darkness. But why? That faith may, in this darkened hour, perform her perfect work, by trusting, for support, for deliverance, or for the harmonious adjustment of these discordant affairs, in God alone, who 'is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.'

And can the Christian ever exercise the grace of

submission unless he is called to endure the chastening of the Lord? or the grace of resignation, unless he is required to surrender some of the objects of his affection and endearment? He often prays, 'thy will be done on earth as in heaven,' and his prayers are answered by these dispensations of Providence, which give him an opportunity to do it, or endure it.

Afflictions are often employed to moderate our attachment to earth; and towards the period of our departure, they sometimes set in with greater violence to wean our affections entirely from it. There are some who may repeat with great propriety the following verse—

' Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply ;
No cheering fruit, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy ;'

and we can easily believe, that if they are anticipating the bliss of immortality they require no extra dispensation to induce them to long for its possession. But there are others who may with equal propriety quote the language of the Psalmist, ' the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.' They abound in wealth ; occupy the high places of distinction ; and have all things richly to enjoy ; and though they look forward to a superior state of honour

and felicity in the heavenly world, yet it often requires the agency of affliction to loosen and untie the cords that bind them to earth. Hence there is a necessity that they should be in heaviness through manifold tribulations at sundry times, that they may listen with more devout attention to the voice of the Lord, speaking to them from the cloud, 'arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted.' And when the hour of release comes, and they are just entering into rest, if permitted to record their testimony to the divine dispensation towards them, they will say, Not one trial too many, not one too severe. 'For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

M———N.

SACRED LYRICS.

I.

I GIVE THEE ALL.

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be ;
A broken spirit's all the store
That sin has left to me.

My trembling lip but half reveals
The prayer my heart would tell :
But throes my panting bosom feels
Thy spirit sees full well.

Deep in despair my spirit lies,
And sinking clings to thee :

A contrite heart wilt thou despise,
Nor stretch one hand to me?

Then take my heart, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be;
At thy command, my only store,
O Lord! I give to thee.

II.

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

Air.—Gramachree.

O HARP! that once in Judah's hall,
In sweet inspiring strain,
Entranced the fiery soul of Saul,
And soothed a monarch's pain;

How oft, when o'er my earthly joys
Runs ruin's ruthless stream,
I welcome thy consoling voice,
Thy heaven-directing theme.

Though gone the hand that waked thee first,
 Though closed thy minstrel's eye ;
And those who caught thy early burst
 Of glory are not nigh :

Of thee no string is broken yet ;
 Thy deep and holy tone
Can make me every care forget,
 And dream of heaven alone.

O harp! if Judah's shepherd flung
 Such charms around his theme,
When o'er time's distant scenes he hung
 In dim prophetic dream ;

What now thy spell if David's hand
 Once more could wake thy strains,
And tell to every listening land,
 ' The Lord Immanuel reigns ?'

M——.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE PATRIARCH.*

Soon after my entrance upon clerical duties in the state of North Carolina, I was informed of an isolated settlement, at a considerable distance from the place of my residence. Its original elements were emigrants from New England,—a father and his five sons, who, with their wives and little children, had, about thirty years before, become sojourners in the heart of

*This very interesting article is, in every particular, true. The incidents occurred in North Carolina, but a few years ago. The relation illustrates what may be accomplished, by the blessing of God, on the efforts of a pious head of a family to keep alive a deep sense of religion, where in the ways of Providence the ministry of the gospel cannot be enjoyed. The story will be particularly interesting to such of our readers, as may belong to the Episcopal church; while it is related with such a spirit of genuine Christian love, as will give it favour in the eyes of all who love the Lord.—ED.

one of the deepest Carolinian solitudes. They purchased a tract of wild land, encircled by a swamp. This they subjected to cultivation, and by unremitting industry, rendered adequate to their subsistence and comfort. The sons, and the sons' sons, had in their turn become the fathers of families; so that the population of this singular spot comprised five generations. They were said to constitute a peaceful and virtuous community, with a government purely patriarchal. Secluded from the privileges of public worship, a sense of religion, influencing the heart and conduct, had been preserved by statedly assembling on the Sabbath, and reading the Scriptures with the liturgy of the church of England. The pious ancestor of the colony, whose years now surpassed fourscore, had, at their removal to this hermitage, established his eldest son in the office of lay-reader. This simple ministration, aided by holy example, had so shared the blessing of heaven, that all the members of this miniature commonwealth held fast the faith and hope of the gospel.

I was desirous of visiting this peculiar people, and a journey into that section of the state furnished an opportunity. I resolved to be a witness of their Sunday devotions; and, with the dawn of that consecrated day, left the house of a friend where I

had lodged, and who furnished the requisite directions for my solitary and circuitous route. The brightness and heat of summer began to glow oppressively, ere I turned from the haunts of men, and plunged into the forest. Towering amid shades which almost excluded the light of heaven, rose the majestic pines, the glory and the wealth of North Carolina. Some, like the palms, those princes of the east, reared a proud column of fifty feet, ere the branches shot forth their bold, heavenward cone. With their dark verdure mingled the pale and beautiful efflorescence of the wild poplar, like the interlacing of sculpture in some ancient awe-inspiring temple, while thousands of birds, from those dark, cool arches, poured their anthem of praise to the Divine Architect.

The sun was high in the heavens when I arrived at the morass,—the bulwark which nature had thrown around this little city of the desert. Alighting, I led my horse over the rude bridges of logs, which surmounted the pools and ravines, until we found our footing rest upon firm earth. Soon, a large expanse of arable land became visible, and wreaths of smoke came lightly curling among the trees, as if to welcome the stranger. Then, a cluster of cottages cheered the eye. They were so contiguous, that the blast of a horn,

or even the call of a shrill voice, might convene all their inhabitants. To the central and the largest building, I directed my steps. Approaching the open window, I heard a distinct manly voice, pronouncing the solemn invocation, 'by thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.' The response arose fully and devoutly in the deep accents of manhood, blent with the softer tones of the mother and her children. Standing motionless, that I might not disturb the worshippers, I had a fair view of the lay-reader. He was a man of six feet in height, muscular and well-proportioned, with a head beautifully symmetrical, from whose crown time had begun to shred the luxuriance of its raven locks. Unconscious of the presence of a stranger, he supposed that no eye regarded him, save that of God. Kneeling around him, were his 'brethren according to the flesh,' a numerous and attentive congregation. At his right hand was the Patriarch; tall, somewhat emaciated, yet not bowed with years; his white hair combed smoothly over his temples and slightly curling on his neck. Gathered near him were his children and his children's children. His blood was in the

veins of almost every worshipper. Mingling with forms that evinced the ravages of time and toil, were the bright locks of youth, and the rosy brow of childhood bowed low in supplication. Even the infant with hushed lip regarded a scene where was no wandering glance. Involuntarily my heart said, '*shall not this be a family in heaven?*' In the closing aspirations, 'O Lamb of God! that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us,' the voice of the patriarch was heard with strong and affecting emphasis. After a pause of silent devotion, all arose from their knees, and I entered the circle.

"I am a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I come to bless you in the name of the Lord."

The ancient patriarch, grasping my hand, gazed on me with intense earnestness. A welcome, such as words have never uttered, was written on his brow.

"Thirty and two years has my dwelling been in this forest; yet, until now, no man of God hath visited us. Praised be his name, who hath put it into thy heart to seek out these few sheep in the wilderness. Secluded as we are from the privilege of worshipping God in his temple, we thus assemble every Sabbath, to read his book, and to pray unto him

in the words of our liturgy. So, have we been preserved from forgetting the Lord who bought us, and lightly esteeming the rock of our salvation."

The exercises of that day are indelibly engraven upon my memory. Are they not written in the record of Heaven? Surely a blessing entered into my own soul, as I beheld the faith, and strengthened the hope of these true-hearted and devout disciples. Like him, whose slumbers at Bethel were visited by the white-winged company of Heaven, I was constrained to say, 'surely, God is in this place, and I knew it not.' At the request of the patriarch, I administered the ordinance of baptism. It was received with unusual demonstrations of solemnity and gratitude. The sacred services were protracted until the setting of the sun; yet still they seemed reluctant to depart. It was to them a high and rare festival. When about to separate, the patriarch introduced me to all his posterity. Each seemed anxious to press my hand; and even the children expressed, by affectionate glances, their reverence and love for him who ministered at the altar of God.

"The Almighty hath smiled upon these babes, born in the desert," said the ancient man. "I came hither with my sons and their companions, and my

blessed wife, who hath gone to her rest. God hath given us families, as a flock. We earn our bread with toil and in patience. For the intervals of labour there is a school where our little ones gather the rudiments of knowledge. Our only books of instruction are the bible and prayer-book."

At a signal they rose and sang, ere they departed to their respective abodes,—'glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.' Never, by all the pomp of measured melody, has my spirit been so stirred within me, as when that rustic, yet tuneful choir, surrounding the hoary father of them all, breathed out in their forest sanctuary,—'thou that takest away the sins of the *world*, have mercy upon *us*.'

On the following morning, I called on each family, and was delighted with the domestic order, economy and concord that prevailed. Careful improvement of time, and moderate desires, seemed uniformly to produce among them the fruits of a blameless life and conversation. They conducted me to their school. Its teacher was a grand-daughter of the reader. She possessed a sweet countenance, and gentle manners; and, with characteristic simplicity, employed herself at the spinning-wheel, when not immediately occupied

in the duty of an instructress. Most of her pupils read with distinctness, and replied pertinently to questions from Scripture history. Writing and arithmetic were well understood by the elder ones; but those works of science with which our libraries are so profusely supplied, had not yet found their way to this retreat. But among the learners was visible, what does not always distinguish better endowed seminaries: docility, subordination and profound attention to every precept or illustration. Habits of application and desire for knowledge were infused into all. So trained up were they in industry, that even the boys, in the intervals of their lessons, were engaged in the knitting of stockings for winter. To the simple monitions which I addressed to them, they reverently listened; and ere they received the parting blessing, rose and repeated in unison a few passages of Scripture, and lifted up their sweet voices, chanting, ‘blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people.’

Whatever I beheld in this singular spot, served to awaken curiosity or to interest feeling. All my inquiries were satisfied with the utmost frankness. Evidently, there was nothing which needed concealment. The heartless intercourse of fashion, with its

subterfuges and its vices, had not penetrated to this hermetically sealed abode. The patriarch, at his entrance upon his territory, had divided it into six equal portions, reserving one for himself, and bestowing another on each of his five sons. As the children of the colony advanced to maturity, they, with scarcely an exception, contracted marriages among each other, striking root like the branches of the banyan around the parent tree. The domicile of every family was originally a rude cabin of logs, serving simply the purpose of shelter. But in front of this, a house of larger dimensions was commenced; and so constructed, that the ancient abode might become its kitchen, when the whole was completed. To the labour of building they attended, as they were able to command time and materials. This they kept, in the language of one of the colonists, 'for their handy-work, when there was no farming, or turpentine-gathering, or tar-making.' Several were, at that time, in different stages of progress; marking the links of gradation between the rude cottage, and what is termed the 'framed house.' When finished, though devoid of architectural elegance, they exhibited capabilities of comfort, equal to the chastened expectations of a primitive people. A field for corn, and

a garden abounding with vegetables, were appendages to each habitation. Cows grazed quietly around, and sheep dotted like snow-flakes the distant green pastures. Each family produced within its own domain, the articles of food necessary for its own consumption; and the wheel, the loom and the needle were the resources for their wardrobe. When necessary, the softer sex participated in the labours of harvest, or the business of horticulture; thus cherishing that vigour and muscular energy which distinguish the peasantry of Europe, from their effeminate sisters of the nobility and gentry. For such articles as their plantations did not supply, the pitch-pine was their medium of purchase. When the season arrived for collecting its hidden treasures, an aperture was made in its bark, and a box inserted, into which the turpentine continually oozed. Care was required to preserve this orifice free from the induration of glutinous matter. Thus it must be frequently re-opened, or carried gradually upward on the trunk of the tree; sometimes to such a height, that a small knife affixed to the extremity of a long pole is used for that purpose. Large trunks sustain several boxes at the same time, though it is required that the continuity of bark be preserved, or the tree, thus

shedding its life-blood for the good of man, must perish. Though the labourers in this department are exceedingly industrious and vigilant; there will usually be a considerable deposit adhering to the body of the tree. These portions, called 'turpentine-facings,' are carefully separated, and laid in a cone-like form, until they attain the size of a formidable mound. This is covered with earth, and when the cool season commences, is ignited; and the liquid tar, flowing into a reservoir prepared for it, readily obtains a market among dealers in naval stores.

Shall I be forgiven for such minuteness in describing the humble occupations of this isolated people? So strongly did they excite my affectionate solicitude, that not even their slightest concerns seemed unworthy of attention. By merchants of the distant town, who were in the habit of purchasing their manufactures, I was afterwards informed, that these men were distinguished for integrity and uprightness; and, that their simple affirmation possessed the sacredness of an oath. The eldest son remarked to me, that he had never known among the people a single instance of either intemperance or profanity.

"Our young men have no temptations, and the old set a uniformly sober example. Still, I cannot but

think our freedom from vice is chiefly owing to a sense of religious obligation, cherished by God's blessing upon the use of the Scriptures and the liturgy."

"Are there no quarrels or strifes among you?"

"For what should we contend? We have here no prospect of wealth, no motive of ambition, and we are too busy to dispute about words. Are not these the sources of many of the 'wars and fightings' among mankind? Beside, we are all of one blood. Seldom is there any variance between us, which the force of brotherhood will not quell. Strict obedience is early taught in our families. Children who learn thoroughly the Bible lesson, to obey and honour their parents, are not apt to be contentious in society, or irreverent to their father in heaven. Laws so simple would doubtless prove inefficient in a large and mixed community. Neither would they be effectual here, without the aid of that gospel which speaketh peace, and prayer for His assistance who 'turneth the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'"

Is it surprising that I should take my leave with an overflowing heart of the pious patriarch and his posterity; or, that I should earnestly desire another opportunity of visiting their secluded domain? Soon

after this period, a circumstance took place, which they numbered among the most interesting eras of their history. A small chapel was erected in the village nearest to their settlement. Though at the distance of many miles, they anticipated its completion with delight. At its consecration by the late bishop Ravenscroft, as many of the colonists as found it possible to leave home, determined to be present. Few of the younger ones had ever entered a building set apart solely for the worship of God; and the days were counted until they should receive permission to tread his courts. The appointed time arrived: and just before the commencement of the sacred services, a procession of a singular aspect was seen winding along amid interposing shades. It consisted of persons of both sexes and of every age, clad in a primitive style, and moving onward with solemn order. I recognized my hermit friends, and hastened forth to meet them. Scarcely could the ancient Jews, when from distant regions they made their pilgrimage to the glorious hill of Zion, have testified more touching emotion, than these guileless worshippers, at passing the threshold of this humble temple to Jehovah. When the sweet tones of a small organ, mingling with the melody of a select choir, gave

‘glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end,’—the young children from the forest started from their seats, in wondering joy, while the changing colour and quivering lip of the elders evinced that the hallowed music woke deep echo in their bosoms. But with what breathless attention did they hang upon every word of bishop Ravenscroft; as with his own peculiar combination of zeal and tenderness, he illustrated the inspired passage which he had chosen, or, with a sudden rush of strong and stormy eloquence, broke up the fountains of the soul. Listening and weeping, they gathered up the manna, which an audience satiated with the bread of heaven, and prodigal of angel’s food, might have suffered to perish. With the hoary patriarch, a throng of his descendants, who had been duly prepared for this holy vow and profession, knelt around the altar, in commemoration of their crucified Redeemer. At the close of the communion service, when about to depart to his home, the white-haired man drew near to the bishop. Gratitude for the high privileges in which he had participated; reverence for the father in God whom he had that day for the first time beheld; consciousness that his aged eyes could but a little

longer look upon the things of time, and that he could scarcely expect again to stand amid these his children, to 'behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple,' overwhelmed his spirit. Pressing the hand of the bishop, and raising his eyes heavenward, he said, with the earnestness of humble devotion, 'Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

Bishop Ravenscroft fixed on him one of those piercing glances which seemed to read the soul;—and then tears, like the large rain-drops, rushed down his cheeks. Recovering from his emotion, he pronounced, with affectionate dignity, the benediction, 'the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'

The patriarch, bowing down a head heavy with the snows of more than fourscore winters, breathed a thanksgiving to God, and turned homeward followed by all his kindred. Summer had glided away, ere it was in my power again to visit the 'lodge in the wilderness.' As I was taking, in the autumn twilight, my lonely walk for meditation, a boy of rustic appearance approaching with hasty steps accosted me.

“ Our white-haired father, the father of us all, lies stretched upon his bed. He takes no bread or water, and he asks for you. Man of God, will you come to him?”

Scarcely had I signified assent, ere he vanished. With the light of the early morning, I commenced my journey. Autumn had infused chillness into the atmosphere, and somewhat of tender melancholy into the heart. Nature seems to regard with sadness the passing away of the glories of summer, and to robe herself for humiliation.

As the sun increased in power, more of cheerfulness overspread the landscape. The pines were busily disseminating their winged seeds. Like insects, with a floating motion, they spread around for miles. Large droves of swine made their repast upon this half ethereal food. How mindful is nature of her humblest pensioners!

As I approached the cluster of cottages, which now assumed the appearance of a village, the eldest son advanced to meet me. His head declined like one struggling with a grief which he would fain subdue. Taking my hand in both of his, he raised it to his lips. Neither of us spoke a word: yet it was written clearly on his countenance, ‘ come quickly ere he

die.' We entered together the dwelling of the good patriarch. One glance convinced me that he was not long to be of our company. His posterity were gathered in sorrow around him:—

‘For drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God, to mourn as man.’

He was fearfully emaciated, but as I spake of that Saviour who ‘went not up to joy until he first suffered pain,’ his brow again lighted with the calmness of one whose ‘way to eternal joy was to suffer with Christ, whose door to eternal life gladly to die with him.’ Greatly comforted by prayer, he desired that the holy communion might be once more administered to him and his children. There was a separation around his bed. Those who had been accustomed to partake with him, drew near and knelt around the dying. Fixing his eye on the others, he said with an energy of tone which we thought had forsaken him: “*Will ye thus be divided at the last day?*” A burst of wailing grief was the reply.

Never will that scene be effaced from my remembrance: the expressive features and thrilling responses of the patriarch, into whose expiring body the soul returned with power, that it might leave this last



Painted by R. Cook.

Engraved by J. B. Neagle.

THE PATRIARCH.

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testimony of faith and hope to those whom it loved. Rekindling still more and more, as it lingered upon the threshold of time, we were surprised to hear in an emphatic voice, his blessing upon those who surrounded him, in the name of that God 'whose peace passeth all understanding.'

There was an interval, during which, he seemed to slumber. Whispers of hope were heard around his couch, that he might awake and be refreshed. At length, his eyes slowly unclosed. They were glazed, and deeply sunken in their sockets. Their glance was long and kind upon those who hung over his pillow. His lips moved, but not audibly. Bending my ear more closely, I found that he spoke of him who is the 'resurrection and the life.' A slight shuddering passed over his frame, and he sank to rest.

A voice of loud weeping rose from among the children, who had been summoned to the bed of death. Ere I had attempted to administer consolation, the son with a calm voice pronounced, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Deep silence ensued. It seemed as if every heart was installing him who spake, in the place of the father and the governor who had departed. He stood

among them in the simple majesty of his birth-right, as a ruler and priest, to guide his people in the way everlasting. It was as if the mantle of the sainted one had descended upon him, as if those ashen lips had broken the seal of death to utter, 'behold my servant whom I have chosen.' Every eye fixed upon him its expression of fealty and love. Gradually the families retired to their respective habitations. Each individual paused at the pillow of the patriarch, to take the silent farewell; and some of the little ones climbed up to kiss the marble face.

I was left alone with him whom I had first known as the lay-reader, and with the dead. The enthusiasm of the moment fled, and the feelings of a son triumphed. Past years rushed like a tide over his memory. The distant scenes of infancy and childhood, the toils of maturity, the planting of that wild waste, the changes of those years which had sprinkled his temples with grey hairs: all, with their sorrows and their joys, came associated with the lifeless image of his beloved sire. In the bitterness of bereavement, he covered his face and wept. That iron frame, which had borne the hardening of more than half a century, shook like the breast of an infant, when it sobs out its sorrows. I waited until the first shock had subsided,

and then repeated, passing my arm gently within his, 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Instantly raising himself, he replied, in a voice whose deep inflections sank into my soul, 'even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'

I remained to attend the funeral obsequies of the patriarch. In the heart of their territory, was a shady dell, sacred to the dead. It was surrounded by a neat enclosure, and planted with trees. The drooping branches of a willow swept the grave of the mother of the colony. Near her slumbered her youngest son. Several other mounds rose around them, most of which, by their small size, spoke of the smitten flowers of infancy. To this goodly company, we bore him who had been revered as the father and exemplar of all. With solemn steps, his descendants, two and two, followed the corpse. I heard a convulsive and suppressed breathing among the more tender of the train; but when the burial service commenced, all was hushed. And never have I more fully realized its surpassing beauty and power, than when from the centre of that deep solitude, on the brink of that waiting grave, it poured forth its pathos, its sublimity, its consolation.

‘Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower, he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life, we are in death. Of whom may we seek succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death. Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy most merciful ears to our prayers, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.’

Circumstances compelled me to leave this mourning community, immediately after committing the dust of their pious ancestor to the earth. They accompanied me to some distance on my journey, and our parting was with mutual tears. Turning to view them as their forms mingled with the dark green of the forest, I heard the faint echo of a clear voice. It was the reader, speaking of the hope of the resurrection: ‘if we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’

Full of thought, I pursued my homeward way.

Musing, I inquired, is devotion never incumbered by the splendour that surrounds her? Amid the lofty cathedral, the throng of rich-stoled worshippers, the melody of the solemn organ, does that incense never waste itself upon the earth, which should ascend to heaven? On the very beauty and glory of its ordinances, may not the spirit proudly rest, and seal itself up, and go no more forth to the work of benevolence, nor spread its wing at the call of faith?

Yet surely *there is a reality in religion*, though man may cheat himself with its shadow. Here I have beheld it in simplicity, disrobed of 'all pomp and circumstance,' yet with power to soothe the passions into harmony, to maintain the virtues in daily and vigorous exercise, and to give victory to the soul when death vanquishes the body. So, I took the lesson to my heart, and when it has languished and grown cold, I have warmed it by the remembrance of the ever-living faith of those 'few sheep in the wilderness.'

S——.

TYRE.

AGES have died since the seers of old,
Oh Tyrus, the fall of thy pride foretold ;
Ages have passed, and we muse on thee
As a broken waste 'neath the desert sea ;
Thy temples have sunk in the waters down,
Oblivion rests on thine old renown :
Thou art crushed—thou art faded—thy strength is o'er,
Thy glory and beauty will gleam no more.

Where are the piles which, in days gone by,
From thy streets aspir'd in the lofty sky ?
Where is thy broidered Egyptian sail,
Which shone of yore in the summer gale ?
Where are the spices, the pearl, the gold,
Which once in thy marts did their wealth unfold ?

There diamonds flashed to the gazer's eye,
And the air was sweet as it wandered by ;
There, coral and agate in masses lay,
And were bathed in the sun's unclouded ray ;
The merchants of Sheba were gathered there—
Where are their treasures, Oh Tyrus, where ?

Thou answerest not—for the solemn wave
A requiem pours o'er thy hidden grave ;
Over prostrate pillar and crumbling dome
The stormy billows arise and foam ;
Where thy swelling temples were wont to stand,
The sea-bird screams by the lonely strand ;
No sound of joy is upon the air—
Where are thy revels, Oh Tyrus, where ?

The time hath been, when a mighty throng
Of people fill'd thee ;—when dance and song,
And harpers, with rapture the time beguiled,
And the sun of joy on thy splendours smil'd.
Then in robes of beauty thy daughters' dressed,
And pride was high in each sinful breast ;
Then glittering shields 'gainst thy walls were hung,
While palace and garden with music rung ;
The dance voluptuous at eve went round,
And hearts beat lightly at pleasure's sound.

Now thou art laid in the solemn tomb
Of ages vanished 'mid storm and gloom ;
Thy warriors, thy princes, thy flashing gems,
Thy kings with the wealth of their diadems,
Are gone like the light on an April stream,
As a voice which speaks in an evening dream,
As a cloud which fades in the summer air—
Where are thy glories, Oh Tyrus, where?

W. G. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

(DREAMS.)

DREAMS are topics of universal interest. They are subjects of investigation to the philosopher, and not unfrequently furnish an inspiring theme for the poet. Under their influence, sanguine minds have been led to embark in utopian schemes: the enthusiast has sought in them the secret indications of the divine will: the votary of fame has kindled into rapture at the deeds of glory which they placed before his excited fancy: the miser has been a thousand times richer than his sordid soul had dared anticipate: love has built in dreams her most beautiful elysium, and ravished her victim with delight, or wrung him with despair. They are as effectual to console, as they are powerful to terrify and to enrage the soul. The disconsolate have found in them a momentary balm for a wounded spirit. The waves of trouble have sunk to

rest: scenes of hope and tranquillity have stolen upon the view, as if to point the wretched to a land where sorrow is unknown. The guilty have dreaded them. With no outward circumstances to divert the attention, conscience has compelled the terrified culprit to take a direct look at his crimes. She has gathered around him the images of his ultimate destiny, and given him, in anticipation, a momentary experience of horrors which, in his case, and when dreams give place to realities, may prove to be unending.

On the other hand, the believer has often, in night-vision, vividly anticipated his approaching triumph. The shadows which overhung his path have disappeared. He has passed exulting the dark portals, crossed the swelling waters of Jordan, and felt his emancipated spirit enlarging and rejoicing amid all that is pure and blissful and glorious. Yes, heaven has burst on his enraptured view. But alas, upon waking, he has found himself still on the field of conflict, fettered by the flesh and far from his final home.

Thus the ordinary season of repose for the body, is by no means the period of the soul's inactivity. Not unfrequently is it the signal for its loftiest excursions.

When the body, exhausted by fatigue, loses in

sleep its power of locomotion; when its portals are closed, and its sensibilities are in a measure blunted, how will the soul rejoice in its liberty, and commence its untiring career. It will visit, with the rapidity of thought, regions the most remote. It will create new worlds, and people them at pleasure with angels or with men. It will condense the events of ages into an hour. It will live over the past, or leap forward to the future. A thousand fairy creations will rise at its bidding. Heterogeneous combinations of men and circumstances will swim before the excited vision, and elicit as many corresponding images of dread and desire, of love and hate, of joy and sorrow. How wonderful, how incomprehensible its powers! Who who can say, that a spirit so ethereal, so discursive, of such lofty flight, of such untiring career, is destined by its creator for a region less comprehensive than that of immortality?

Some philosophers have maintained that the soul does not always think; that often in profound slumbers there is a torpidity or inaction of the mental powers analogous to the inactivity of the body.

It is true, we are not always conscious, at the very moment of waking, that the soul has been employed on objects either of speculation or desire. Memory does not furnish us with the images which may have

passed before us. But is it not possible that the soul may have been employed, even though we are unable to retain a recollection of it? How treacherous is memory, in relation to the passing events of a single day! A word, suddenly addressed to us, will sometimes erase in an instant, from the recollection, a train of reasoning, or a course of interesting remark. Our utmost efforts will not enable us to recall it. In like manner, so many scenes and images may in sleep succeed each other, and in such quick succession, as to render it impossible for the memory to catch and retain a single distinct view. Thoughts are coursing through the mind with great rapidity. A sudden waking may arrest and divert the attention, from subjects which, but a moment before, engrossed the reflections or the passions of the soul. It by no means follows, because we cannot remember a dream, that therefore none has occurred.

We experience also, at times, dim and shadowy recollections, which cannot well be explained but on the principle that the mind is ever active. Who has not, for example, come suddenly upon a scene, or mingled in a company, where something has suggested the idea that this scene, or this company, is but the repetition of what had been before witnessed? The countenances, the conversation, the whole group

appear familiar. Memory is tasked in vain to inform us when and where the like scenes have occurred. As an apology for a more satisfactory conclusion, it is generally inferred that we must have dreamed of them. What is thus lightly affirmed may be true in fact, and admit of a rational explanation. Many things which pass before the mind in sleep are no doubt forgotten. We retain no image of them at the very moment of waking. By the power of mental association, they may however be subsequently recalled. That faculty by which suggestions are given, and analogies are traced, may operate to restore them. We are startled by the thought, that although the scene is known to be new, it is nevertheless familiar. But may not a similar view have occupied the imagination during the hours of sleep? May not some features in the fancied and the real scene be so identical or so analogous, as to excite in the memory the faded images of some night vision?

If the reader will pardon a personal allusion, I will mention a circumstance bearing on this point, of a somewhat unusual character.

Several years since, the writer of this essay found himself, at the moment of waking, exhausted and depressed in consequence of something which had taken place during the night. Sleep had not as usual

refreshed him. He had no recollection of having experienced what is commonly called the night-mare. He was not conscious of having dreamed at all. Still there was, in the occurrences of the night, something which had left a heavy pressure on the spirits.

After the lapse of several days, and when the impression was worn off, a slight circumstance brought at once to his mind the fact, that his late impressions were the result of a dream; and which arrayed also before him the strong features of the vision. The circumstance alluded to was a sudden noise produced by the settling of the beams in a garret adjacent to the room in which he was sitting. The noise suggested the crash of falling houses. This was instantly associated with the subject of the dream, which was the final judgment. The whole vision rose again before the imagination. It was renewed with all the vividness of a real scene. The son of man was seen coming in the clouds of heaven. Around his descending path-way, was a retinue of angels which no man could number. The trump of the archangel was pealing the knell of the universe. Its reverberations reached the cemeteries of the earth and the caverns of the sea. The dead started from their long deep slumbers. The living turned pale, and raised a cry for mercy. The earth was cleaving in a thousand

places, and the last fires were bursting forth to envelope it. Above the awful scene and far beyond it, was heard the sweet song of redemption. Robed in white, the saints had gone to meet their Lord. They were gazing on his glories, and swelling his final triumph. Strange as it may appear, this picture rose on the mind, and was recognised as a transcript of a forgotten dream. The more minute features of the vision it is impossible to describe. It is equally impossible to give the reader a conception of images and impressions which came in startling succession on the soul; for not only the scene, but the accompanying feeling was recollected.

During our waking hours, unbelief throws a sort of illusion over the most graphic scenes of the judgment. We are prone to regard them not only as distant, but as in some degree imaginary. Hence they fail to fix in the mind a deep and practical feeling. But dreams are for the time as realities; and he who has once beheld, in night vision, the group of terrific imagery associated with the judgment, will neither make light of the event, nor easily rid himself of the impression.

The fact just related favours the notion that the soul is always active. The dream was one of a peculiar and impressive character; yet at the very moment of waking it was lost. Its recurrence depended on a

slight circumstance. But for that circumstance, it might never have revisited the mind.

How many thoughts and impressions may, in like manner, be experienced in sleep, which memory never can renew! It appears probable, therefore, that the soul of man is always exercising more or less vigorously its powers. Its lofty flights and wild excursions during sleep are the mysterious intimations of its immortality.

To relate a dream of so serious a character, may, to some, seem inappropriate to the design of even a religious annual. But the philosopher may read it as a mere fact, and make what use he pleases of it in his analysis of the mind. The gay and thoughtless will of course just glance at it. There may, however, be some, who will seek in it a subject of grave reflection, and compel it to contribute to their moral improvement. They may not be willing to allow a mawkish sensibility to veil from their sight scenes of thrilling interest, in which they are to be both spectators and actors. Having an eye fixed on the cross, that sure defence against death's terrors; and having a hope anchored in promises which respect not only bright visions after, but a blessed composure amid the judgment scenes; they can calmly anticipate the coming of the son of man. It is good to neutralize the glare of

this world, by the glad or fearful prospects of another. The aid which such contemplations afford in our warfare is not to be despised. The fact too that these scenes, however terrific, are less dreaded when habitually anticipated, than when carelessly forgotten, should recall our vagrant thoughts from a thousand vanities, and send them forward in contemplation on our ultimate destiny. The believer has nothing to dread. Though the way to his rest lies through a dark and lonely valley, faith is his unerring guide. She carries in her hand the torch of salvation. He may fearlessly follow her footsteps. She will give him that which will disrobe the judgment of its terrors, and make even the archangel's trump sweet melody to his ear. Scenes that will startle and overwhelm the guilty will be to him the end of his sorrows, and the signal of his eternal triumph.

W.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

Heaven

Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works.

MILTON.

How vast thy power, thou only wise,
Thou high and holy One!
Who like a tent spread'st out the skies,
And lightest every sun,
Round which revolving systems roll
Millions of worlds at thy control!

Thy works how manifold they are,
Thy glory goeth forth
Along the heavens from star to star,
Thy praise through all the earth!
How great art thou, oh God most high!
How absolute thy sovereignty!

Thy hand earth's deep foundations laid,
 Thou pouredst out the sea—
Glory from all things thou hast made,
 Glory be unto thee,
Creator, God ! who giv'st the seas
Their boundaries by thy firm decrees.

Lord ! what is man, that thou from heaven
 Shouldst deign to visit him?
Ordaining him to life, when even
 The sun and stars wax dim !
Hosannahs in the highest be,
Christ, our salvation, rendered thee.

Beautiful planets ! as ye march
 On your appointed way,
Upward through heaven's resplendent arch,
 In glorious array,
Praise ye his power, who marshalled high
Your glittering armies in the sky.

Praise him, thou sun, great fount of light,
 His word created thee :
Shine on, rejoicing in the might
 Of him who bade thee be,—

While darker orbs thy beams shall bless,
Type of the ' Lord our righteousness !'

' Day unto day doth utter speech,'

The heavens his power proclaim,

' Night unto night doth wisdom teach !'

' Who would not fear thy name,

Oh thou most highest !' Every knee

Shall bow, all flesh shall worship thee.

S. S. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE SUNDAY INFANT-SCHOOL BOY.

‘ A hero truly.’

THERE are certain developments which we are accustomed to look for in children, and their appearance does not surprise us. That tenderness of affection which is always loading the maternal cheek with kisses—that instinctive impression of dependence which chains to the mother’s side—that lovely smile which greets the father as he comes in from the toils and vexations of the day, and feels repaid for troubles by the little arms that are entwined round his neck: all these, and a thousand other nameless things are *expected* from children—and what would the life of a parent be without them? But beyond these endearments of instinctive affection, we seldom look; they form the beautiful of domestic life, and we are content. It sometimes happens, however, that there are passages in the lives of children, which challenge the character

of the grand and sublime; there have been among them specimens of the patient endurance of pain, and heroic superiority to suffering, which may scarcely find a parallel in all the history of men or women grown. We have read, with an interest which cannot well be described, the graphic descriptions given in the Diary of a London Physician. These seem like romance, and, if true, are worked up with a skill to which few of the writers of romance are equal. There is a painful interest about them, which makes a most desperate inroad upon the comfort of a reader whose nervous sensibilities are at all excitable; there is an anatomical perfection of description, which is just as if the surgeon's most exquisitely sharpened instrument were dissecting through all the fibres of the heart. It is as impossible to read them without pain, as it is without pleasure.

But we must get at our own subject. We have no such exquisitely wrought-up theme, to present to our readers, but one which at the same time is most powerfully calculated to impress itself, with painful yet rich interest, upon the tender sensibilities of the heart. And the reader may rest assured, that the relation which we give is *strictly true*. There is not a particle of romance or exaggeration about it. Every item of the story is vouched for as matter of religious

verity. And the story is told, simply to bring into notice that patient endurance which a deep feeling of religion can produce, even in the character of children; and which can lead them to bear the most excruciating pain, with something far beyond the fortitude to which unassisted human nature may be screwed up. The narrative, as to its main facts, we had from a Sunday school teacher, of rare endowments for this work of love, and of piety unquestioned.

The subject of this brief relation was, at the time of the occurrence, about nine years of age, and remarkably small for his years; his sufferings had most probably retarded his growth. For two Sundays he was missed from the school: and though his general attendance had been particularly regular, the circumstance did not excite much of the teacher's attention; because the autumn and winter of 1831 had been unusually inclement and severe; and, with the distress necessarily occasioned among the more destitute classes of society, together with the prevalent influenza, had very materially diminished the attendance at the school. It was naturally supposed, that some of these causes, connected with the distance of his residence, had operated to prevent his accustomed regularity, and the matter passed without investigation.

On Sunday ——, a little girl came into the school room, and addressing herself to the teacher, told him, that ‘her brother was very ill; that the doctors had cut a large swelling from his neck—that he would like to see his teacher, and often wept when he spoke about it.’ The little girl added, in a very interesting and artless manner, ‘he says too, that he thinks he has got religion.’ This was his own expression, and we have not ventured to alter it.

Thus called upon, and discovering that the cause of the absence of this child from school was so different from what had been anticipated, the teacher went, immediately upon the dismissal of the scholars, to the residence of this suffering child. There had always been something very peculiarly interesting in the case of this young pupil. His quiet and orderly behaviour, so different from that of many others of his playful years, and his habitually good conduct, had endeared him to all. Indeed his course had been so uniform, that he is not remembered ever to have been rebuked.

On entering the room, the teacher found this suffering boy extended on his little bed; his face was very much bound up, but all that appeared wore a pallid and deathlike aspect. A momentary flush rushed to the cheek, and an evident brightness

lighted up the eye of the little sufferer, as he caught the hand of his teacher. He had always been taciturn, and on the present occasion said but little, for it was painful to him to speak ; but what he did say, was exceedingly satisfactory as to the real impression which religion had made upon his heart. There are modes by which one who is accustomed to converse with children, can readily ascertain what weight is to be given to the simple expression of their feelings.

The story of the calamity which had led the way to the present suffering condition of the little boy, was as follows. Several years ago, as he was near the fire, his clothes accidentally caught, and though soon extinguished, yet, in consequence of his having on at the time an apron tied close about the neck, the flames burned his throat in a most awful and distressing manner. In process of time the wound was healed ; but, either from the remarkable destruction of the parts or from unskilful management, it left him most dreadfully disfigured. The mouth and lower jaw were drawn sideways, and quite down towards his neck, so that it was with much effort that he could close his mouth, and to raise his head in an erect posture was an utter impossibility. When he began to grow, this position of the head became not only inconvenient, but painful. Indeed, it was

truly distressing to behold him ; for, apart from the sympathy which his suffering condition was naturally calculated to excite, there was something unpleasant to the eye in the great distortion which was given to the countenance, and by careless and thoughtless children in the streets his condition was very often made the subject of sport and laughter. This, however, he bore without complaining ; and, notwithstanding his appearance, he was always anxious to attend the school ; and none was more attentive to the exercises, though it cost him a painful effort to elevate his eyes sufficiently to see the pictures and diagrams by which the course of instruction was carried on.

Under these circumstances, and aware that with his growth the pain and danger to himself, as well as the disadvantages of his condition, would be continually increasing, his parents, acting under the advice of the most skilful surgeons who were called to examine the case, consented that an operation should be attempted, by which a portion of the flesh was to be removed, as the only possible means of affording him relief, if not of protracting his life. There was a fearful responsibility attached to this decision, and nothing but the most certain persuasion of its necessity for the future comfort and even life of

the little boy, could have wrung from the hearts of his parents a reluctant consent. It would have been an unjustifiable exhibition of parental fondness, to have shrunk from this responsibility. His life, it was believed, hung on the result of this fearful operation; an operation, if not the most dangerous in surgery, at least one attended with an unusual degree of pain. Yet when the necessity was stated to him, he made but very feeble objections, and without much difficulty consented; and, as the time drew on, he never manifested any degree of fear, but was invariably calm and unruffled. It may be said, that all this is to be ascribed to the necessary ignorance of the severity of surgical operations, and that very few children would have made any hesitation in pursuing the same course. Was there nothing beyond our ordinary experience to destroy the validity of this suspicion, it would be sufficient; but we have evidences that this feeling of resignation, this calm serenity in the knowledge of anticipated sufferings, was the result of principle. The language which he invariably used, was always indicative of a clear and decided religious influence. He told his mother, that he 'thought he had given his heart to God, and now he did not much wish to live.' He said, and the writer of this wishes it to be distinctly understood that his own words are faithfully

put down—‘he thought it would be better if he should die young, and go and be with his Saviour.’

The writer of this has no knowledge of the science of surgery; he believes it among the rich blessings which a God of benevolence has given to alleviate the distresses that sin has occasioned in the world; and though relief in all such cases must be through the medium of suffering, he conceives that the relief itself is intended to teach the lesson of the evil of sin, which first ‘brought death into the world, and all our woes.’ The operation must have been one of delicacy and interest, and somewhat out of the ordinary course; for when the surgeon came, he was attended by seven other gentlemen of the profession who were desirous of being witnesses. Without being able technically to describe the process, it will suffice to observe, that the flesh was separated from the lower jaw, from ear to ear; and the jaw, thus released from the contraction, was restored to its place. It is not, however, in the skill and success of a difficult and dangerous operation, that in this case the lively interest exists. It is in the moral up-bearing of the infant sufferer; he did not require to be tied, and would not take an opiate to stupify him or to lull the pain. There was an inward principle superior to fear and to pain; the principle of an assured hope of

blessedness beyond the grave, should the operation be fatal.

As soon after the operation as he was at all permitted to use his mouth for speaking, he told his mother, that 'when the doctor first began to cut him, he thought he could not bear it and live, but that he prayed to God, that he would be pleased to help him to bear it, and after that he did not feel near so much pain.'

One of the medical gentlemen who was present, and who had witnessed many awful cases from the field of battle as an army surgeon, said he had never seen one which had excited in his mind such an intense degree of interest, as was awakened by the patient suffering of this delicate and feeble little boy.

By the mercy of God's providence, the operation was not only successfully performed, but it accomplished the purpose for which it was designed; and although it has left the scar of the surgeon's knife over the whole surface of the lower jaw, it has restored the little sufferer to the comfortable enjoyment of his life. He now lives, and may be seen earliest among his fellows at the Sunday school, with a happy countenance, and an eye radiant with the gratitude which to this day dwells in his heart. He is not in that rank of life, in which there will be any proba-

bility that he will ever read this little narrative ; but, even should he do it in after life, he will have additional cause of thankfulness, if he finds that in the heart of any reader, one single sentiment has been awakened, calculated to impress more durably on the mind, the value of religion in an hour of trial—religion, which can uphold the spirit of the man, and give to a feeble child an energy which falls little short of supernatural.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

QUEEN of the twilight hour,
 I hail thy soothing reign ;
How still beneath thy power
 Are valley, hill and plain.
How fair thy beauty glows,
 Sparkling in yonder west,
As if a snow white rose,
 Dew-bright on evening's breast.

Thou seemest a vesper light,
 Lit at this hour of praise,
On heaven's high altar bright,
 While earth her incense pays.
Then, by thy hallowed beams,
 From nature's book I'll pray,
And catch the bliss that seems
 Luxuriant in thy ray.

X. X. X.

THE EMPTY BIER.

“ THOU empty bier, that standest here
Alone by the church-yard gate ;
Say, whose the door thou’lt pause before,
Thy burden next to wait ?”

The bier replied—“ My range is wide,
And my hours of rest but few ;
But the ways are known to one alone,
Which I must hence pursue.

“ I first may seek her form, whose cheek
Is fresh in its maiden bloom ;
On me to lie with a rayless eye,
At the threshold of the tomb.

“ The youth who last sped by so fast
With the nerve and the glow of health,

He next may find, that close behind
Death followed him by stealth.

“ Or she, who smiled when the lovely child,
She was lately leading near,
With wonder stopped, and his lilies dropped,
To gaze at the sable bier—

“ That mother, may be called to lay
Her beauteous boy on me ;
In his morning hour, like the dewy flower
He lost, and as suddenly.

“ Her own pale clay to bear away,
It next may be my lot ;
She may close her eyes on her infant ties
And her prattler be forgot.

“ As I must call in time for all,
From the babe to the silvery-haired,
A glimpse of me to each should be
A hint to be prepared.”

H. F. G.

NEWBURYPORT.

THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

AMIDST the wilderness, alone,
The sad foe-hunted prophet lay,
And darkening shadows, round him thrown,
Shut out the cheerful smile of day;
The winds were laden with his sighs,
As, resting 'neath a lonely tree,
His spirit, torn with agonies,
In prayer was struggling to be free.

For on its prison'd essence, hung
The cumbrous bonds of earth and care;
And, while the branches o'er him flung
Their murmurs to the desert air,
Unbidden longings to depart
Swelled in his pained and wearied breast,
Till, with a supplicating heart,
He prayed to die and be at rest.



Drawn by J. Martin

Engraved by J. W. Steel

THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

Handwritten title at the top of the page, possibly a name or subject.

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring.

He long'd in heaven's unclouded light
 To wave his spirit's ransomed wings,
To bathe them in the effulgence bright
 Which from the fount of glory springs;
There were no ties to bind him then,
 Beneath the mysteries of the sky,
An outcast from the haunts of men,
 Hid, save from God's unslumbering eye.

He turned from shadows, and the cloud
 Which earthly hate had round him spread,
And to a faithful friend he bowed
 In humble hope and solemn dread.
He paused—and o'er his senses worn
 Sleep's dewy cloud in silence stole,
And radiance, like the gush of morn,
 Was poured upon his dreaming soul.

And lo! the wide untrodden waste
 Around in beauteous splendour glowed;
And, with transcendent beauty graced,
 An angel form before him stood;
His voice, like music, charmed the air;
 His eyes were kind with light benign;
And in transcendent beauty there
 He stood—a messenger divine!

He spoke of blessings,—and his word,
 Which fell upon the dreamer's ear,
Aroused each fainting hope deferred,
 While fragrance filled the atmosphere :
Then, like some gorgeous cloud of light,
 Dipt in the sunset's golden ray,
The angel took his upward flight,
 And melted in the skies away.

Then, with sweet sleep refreshed and food,
 Through many a long, long night and day,
Till Horeb's mount before him stood,
 The unwavering prophet went his way ;
Then climb'd its summits wild and high,
 And linger'd in his lonely cave,
Till, like rich music floating by,
 The voice of God its question gave.

Then, as he trod the mountain height,
 The winds their solemn anthems played,
The earthquake thundered in its might,
 And clouds tumultuous o'er him strayed.
What then befel?—a flush of fire—
 And then, that father's soothing voice,
Which bids each faithful hope aspire,
 And makes the ransomed soul rejoice.

CHRISTIAN LACONICS.

I.

A CHARACTERISTIC of true piety is reverence, holy awe, in view of the purity of God. This is the meaning of the Scripture phrase, so often repeated, *the fear of the Lord*. The angels in heaven, where there is not the least spot of impurity, veil their faces: with what reverence, then, should sinners approach the throne! That piety is suspicious which betrays irreverence for God. We may cover ourselves with zeal as with a cloak; yet, if we have not this *fear of the Lord*, we possess not genuine piety.

II.

MANY conquerors have been ruined by their carelessness after a victory; and many, like David, have fallen into great sins, after special manifestations of God's favour. Spiritual pride is then apt to arise,

when decline immediately commences. Instead of remitting our exertions, when we have enjoyed peculiar nearness to God, we should be more watchful and instant in prayer, as in seasons of the greatest danger.

III.

OUR Lord who well knew the sorrows that were to come upon him, chose to be found by his enemies in the posture of prayer. Hence we should learn to receive the troubles to which we are subject in the same manner. When angry clouds skirt the horizon, and vivid lightnings and rolling thunders betoken danger, let us take the only position in which we can bear the smiting of the storm.

IV.

FROM our Saviour's history, we may learn that those in whom Satan has no interest, may be subject to strong temptations. Let no sincere trembling believer despair because sorely tempted. What temptation can be worse than that which our Saviour experienced; 'to fall down and worship' Satan.

V.

THERE must be a harmony in our duties. We cannot

perform some aright, while we wilfully neglect others. The soul must at all times be kept in a holy frame of obedience; we must have respect unto all the commandments of God, if we would be his children.

VI.

THERE may be idolatry in our attachment to our friends. Whenever we delight in any thing more than in God, we are idolaters. We must love Him supremely, with all our heart, soul and mind, that is, with the utmost intensity: which is no hard requisition, for it only requires us to be as happy as our nature will allow.

VII.

THERE are many things mysterious in the providence of God, but this should not occasion scepticism or distrust. There are also many mysteries in nature; indeed incomprehensible wisdom will perform some, to us, incomprehensible things, in whatever it is employed. As we know we are in the hands of wisdom and benevolence, let us rest content though some things be dark. Eternity, that eternity to which we are hastening, will shed a clearer light on all subjects.

VIII.

IT is a solemn thought, that impenitent sinners are continually filling the cup of their iniquities, in whatever they are employed; whether in the performance of the ordinary offices of life, or the interchange of social or domestic affection, always treasuring up wrath. Until they fully resolve on immediate repentance and godliness, all their efforts are in vain; their cup will soon be full, and then the glittering sword of God's vengeance will descend, and they will perish for ever.

IX.

THE policy of one statesman may be opposed by his successor, and the mark he has made on the world obliterated; the name and works of the proudest philosopher may sink into oblivion; but the Christian who has been instrumental in the conversion of one soul, has not only caused a thrill of joy among the angels of God, but has added a new note to the eternal melody of heaven, a new voice to the undying chorus 'worthy the Lamb.'

X.

SINNERS deceive themselves when they suppose they

have a respect and veneration for the Saviour. He stands for years knocking at the door of their hearts, but is refused admittance. Would one respected, be thus treated ?

XI.

WE are constantly to be on our guard against the influence of prejudices. They are the most fruitful sources of error. Some adopt opinions because they are old; some, because they are new; some, because they are plain and simple; and others, because they are sublime and mysterious; some, because they are received by many; and others, because received by few. From whatever quarter prejudice may derive it, it will be sure to make shipwreck of our understanding. It is false to suppose that we are not accountable for our opinions, and that our practice may be right, while our principles are wrong. The truth is, every error in theory has its correspondent moral obliquity in practice. The exercise of conscience is influenced by the opinions we have adopted, and its dictate it is certainly our duty to follow. If, then, conscience be perverted by error, we are obliged to do wrong: for if we obey it, we do wrong; and if we refuse to obey it, we do wrong. Hence we see the importance of a knowledge of the truth.

XII.

MEN admit the truth of a general Providence which directs the revolutions of worlds, and preserves the order of systems: but they dislike the idea of having God interested in human affairs; it has a very unfavourable and threatening aspect.

XIII.

GRIEVE not the Holy Spirit. When in the presence of a dear friend, we avoid every expression and act that may possibly offend: why should we not act thus toward our heavenly friend? He is offended by the slightest impurity, and will withdraw and leave us to coldness and wandering.

XIV.

IT has been objected, that the body of Christian evidence is so large and complicated, that few have time and capacity to master it. But it should be remembered, that the part adapted to the apprehension of common minds, is sufficient to produce conviction. But suppose this were not the case; men act on many principles of science, the demonstration of which they do not understand. True, it will be said, *experience*

has taught the good effects. So, also, have you seen the good effects of repentance and faith.

XV.

WE must resist the first beginnings of temptation and sin. Favour shown to the least sin is like the letting out of waters. No sin, however small, should be suffered to remain in the heart; it will excite the wickedness of nature to greater ones. No wise man, one has remarked, will neglect the smallest spark of fire, if it be among barrels of gunpowder.

XVI.

A FEAR of punishment, and a vague desire of heaven and happiness may exist, when there is no true feeling of repentance. That always includes a sorrow for, and loathing of sin, on account of its intrinsic enormity and offensiveness to a pure and holy God. When these are wanting, however great may be the distress, there is no repentance unto life.

XVII.

THE parable of the ten virgins, though not intended to teach definitely the amount of self deception, shows us that *many* who have witnessed a fair profession will not enter the kingdom of heaven. Self-examina-

tion will profit us little, unless we are willing to be undeceived. Many a professing Christian clings to his hope, when he can give no good reason for so doing. Oh how unwise thus to follow the light of a false hope, which shall be extinguished when the shadows of the grave shall thicken around, and leave the soul to wander amid the blackness of darkness for ever.

XVIII.

(PRAYER for deliverance from sin must always be accompanied with action. To pray for deliverance from envy, while no effort is made to subdue it, is but mockery of God. Follow prayer with effort, and effort with prayer, and you will be enabled to overcome.

XIX.

MEN would be glad to separate holiness from heaven, and wickedness from hell; but God will make no such separation.

XX.

As soon as we awake in the morning, we should look to God, for then we begin to act, and consequently to need his assistance. To begin the day otherwise, is

to say we are not dependent on Him. Unless we set out aright in the morning, we go wrong during the whole day.

XXI.

WE should never rush without preparation into the presence of God. We should contemplate his holiness and majesty; see that our hearts are affected by his goodness, and our own ingratitude; consider our wants, that we may order our speech aright: then we can draw near with reverence and godly fear, and worship in an acceptable manner.

XXII.

LOVE one another, is the oft repeated command of the Saviour, yet how little is it regarded. We seem to make interest, rank, wealth, beauty, similarity of pursuit, taste or disposition, any thing in short but love to Christ, the foundation of our attachments.

XXIII.

WE should read the Scriptures daily with fear and trembling, lest we should not sanctify the name of the Lord, and thus be guilty of taking it in vain; with prayer for the illumination of the spirit, and the applying of the truths to our sanctification,—noting

the duties commanded, the sins forbidden, the rewards promised, and the punishments threatened.

XXIV.

God is under no obligation to show mercy to man. He was not obliged to prepare the remedial plan of the gospel, a dispensation of grace. This truth is included in the very idea of grace, which signifies favour *freely* bestowed. That which is obligatory cannot properly be said to be free. The notion of the necessary exercise of mercy is founded on the principle that all the attributes of God must of necessity be exercised when there are objects. This is false; for the objects of mercy and justice are the same, viz. sinners: if both attributes *must* be exercised, they will interfere, the harmony will be destroyed—which can never be. Again, there is always room for the exercise of omnipotence in the creation of intelligences; but it is not always thus exercised.

Men suffer misery justly, or they do not. If the former, then God is not obliged to show grace, any more than a creditor is obliged to forgive a debt that is justly due him. If the latter, we must deny the existence of misery, or infringe on the perfections of God.

The exercise of justice is necessary: the perfection

of God's nature, and the support of his government require it. This principle is recognised by the universal opinions of men; they believe that a ruler is obliged to be just, but at liberty to be merciful in consistence with justice. Let our souls then magnify the *freeness* of the gospel.

XXV.

How much do Christians come short in thankfulness! When we receive a favour from a friend, we forget not to express our gratitude; but how many do we receive from God, without thinking of the bestower! Are these things so? and are we indeed Christians?

XXVI.

Do we really desire and purpose to be as holy as Martyn and Brainerd, and the saints of old? In addition to all the advantages they enjoyed, we have the light of their example. Hence greater talents are bestowed, and more will be required. Who does not shrink from a comparison with Martyn and Edwards, and Paul and Elijah? And yet we are to be judged by a stricter standard, the law of God.

XXVII.

THERE is a great deal of partial atheism among pro-

fessing Christians. They are accustomed to refer events which God designed for their instruction or reproof, to second causes, as though these were not subject to his order and disposal. They *should* recognise the hand of a present Deity in every event, though it be apparently less important than the falling of a sparrow.

XXVIII.

THE children of Israel could not possess the land of Canaan until the cup of the Amorites' iniquity was full; then were they given up to destruction. How long before the cup of this nation may be filled? It is a subject calling for earnest thought.

XXIX.

THE law of God requires perfect obedience. The idea that a law can require imperfect obedience, is absurd. What is required is obedience, and when that which is required is given, the obedience is perfect. The law of God is immutable, and every want of conformity must be visited with punishment, either on the offender or his substitute.

XXX.

THE cause of truth has been greatly injured by some

who have regarded the Bible as a text book in science as well as religion, forgetting that it was given to *make us wise*, not in the learning that perisheth, but *unto salvation*. It should be remarked, that it contains nothing that is *inconsistent* with the established principles of any science.

XXXI.

A LOVE of truth is laudable, but we must be careful not to mistake, for it, the love of our own opinions.

XXXII.

HYPOCRISY often appears in an affected fervour in public prayer, and the introduction of religious conversation. It is our duty to be fervent in our prayers, public and private, and to converse much on the subject of religion; but let us see to our motives, that no desire of acquiring a reputation for piety mingles. The expressions of a truly humble and sincere Christian will always be *below* rather than *above* his feelings. He will tremble when he perceives the estimation in which he is held, lest, inadvertently, he has made professions that have transcended the reality.

XXXIII.

MEN perish not alone in their iniquity. Every man

is continually exerting and receiving an influence, more or less powerful, according to the circumstances in which he is placed. The man that continues in sin, not only destroys himself, but many others who are under his influence. Parents have thus often destroyed their children, and friend has dragged friend to perdition. Many a parent, who would shudder at the thought of plunging a dagger into the body of his child, can deliberately murder its immortal soul.

XXXIV.

IF, at every night, we were obliged to give an account of the day to God, would not our manner of spending it be different? The time of reckoning is only deferred. We may forget, but God will not forget the slightest action.

J. A.

PRINCETON, N. J.

SAINT JOHN'S VISION.

By Patmos shore the exile stood,
And on the dark Ægean flood
Looked calmly. O'er the mountains wild
The Sabbath evening sweetly smiled;
The leaf was resting in the grove;
The clouds hung motionless above;
And on the land and on the sea,
Each echo slept most quietly.
It was an hour the prophet sought,
For holy meditative thought.
With folded arms he stood, and eye
Fixed on the bright reflected sky,
Like one who saw, beneath that sea,
The secrets of eternity.
To him it seemed, as if the time
Had come, when nature's glorious chime

Would cease, and from their silent graves,
Beneath the ground or in the waves,
The sleeping prisoners would rise,
To bliss or wo unending in the skies.
But hark ! his ear what sound then smote ?
Was it the trumpet's thrilling note ?
Or distant thunder's angry roar,
Or rush of ocean on the shore ?
Sudden he turned and upward gazed,—
All heaven above with glory blazed.
A moment's breathless pause—when lo,
Ascending silent—solemn—slow,
The deep blue curtain rolled on high ;
What scenes then burst upon his eye !
The everlasting city bright
Beamed like a sun with living light.
Upon a sea of glass there shone,
In mid heaven set, a glorious throne,
That, like a pyramid of gold
And precious stones and gems untold
Heaped on a level mirror, seemed
A double pile. Above it gleamed
A bow of pure celestial ray,
That poured through heaven eternal day.
As the clear orb that seems to rest
Upon some icy mountain's breast,

So on his high and dazzling throne
Appeared the everlasting Son.
Far whiter was his hair than snow,
His face more bright than noonday glow,
His eye outvied the lightning's glance,
His tongue the warrior's glittering lance.
Within his hand, like beacon light
Upon some far off shore at night,
A constellation glimmered. Down,
E'en to his brazen feet, a gown
Of priestly fashion swept its fold.
As some vast tower, by bolt of heaven
Or sudden shock of earthquake riven,
Backward the prophet reeling fell.
But soon he rose, by secret spell
Or hand upheld of Israel's Lord.
'Fear not,' exclaimed the Eternal Word,
'I am the First, and I the Last,
The sum of present, future, past,
Maker of all created things,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.
On truth's eternal pages bright
Record, in lines of burning light,
The scenes which are or soon shall be
On earth and in eternity.'

Thus spake the ever glorious Word,
Whose voice shall ne'er again be heard,
Until it shake this mortal shore,
And swear that time shall be no more.
Down the celestial curtain rolled,
'Mid hymns of praise on harps of gold.
Still by the dark Ægean flood,
The pensive exile gazing stood,
And balanced in his reason seemed,
Whether he saw or only dreamed.

Z. M.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

THE venerable man to whom the above title may in a two-fold sense be applied, resides in a town of Massachusetts, about thirty miles from its metropolis. He was a revolutionary officer, and having been through nearly all the interesting scenes in our struggle for independence, can relate many anecdotes concerning that memorable era, which have no record, but in the mind of one, who this day, May 26, 1832, enters on his eighty-second year.

His veteran form is now before me; and while his snowy locks lie loose and still upon the silver bars of his spectacles, through which he is looking on the paper that he reads, to learn how it goes with the country he has loved and served so much, he little dreams that he is sitting for his picture, or what may be the subject of the pen that is moving near him.

As a soldier, he has gone through much suffering, from hunger, fatigue and exposure ; and many perils by the cannon and the sword. But as, in the former, his love of country bore him out, and was more than equal to them all ; so, in the latter, he may truly be said to have evinced no other fear, than that which, through the mouth of his servant Job, the Lord has declared to be *wisdom*. His blood sprinkled the turf in the battle of Lexington ; and his feet had none behind them in the retreat after that of Bunker Hill. He was at White Plains, and at Still Water, and will tell you how the first field-piece that was there taken from Burgoyne fell to his own right hand, for his was the first hand laid upon it.* He commanded the guards at West Point, at the time of Arnold's desertion, and can recount many schemes laid by that traitor to bring confusion into the camp, some of which were by himself discovered and baffled ; while Arnold, perceiving it, endeavoured to dazzle his eyes by flattery and attention.

He can describe the person and deportment of the gallant André, at the time of his capture ; for it fell

* This piece was, a few years ago, and perhaps is still, stationed in the city of New York, and accompanied by an account of when and where it was taken ; but the name of the officer who took it was not mentioned,—probably not known.

to his lot to pass the evening and night after he was taken, with him as his guard watch.

In short, his memory is a well-regulated store-house of all that happened from the time when, having just returned with wet feet from crossing his father's meadows, he heard the first alarm, that the British had landed, and were on the way to Concord, and, he shouldered his musket and went forth; to that, when, the victory won and the country free, he saw the sword given into the hand of Gates, and, the army disbanded, he returned home on foot, performing the distance of one hundred and sixty miles in three successive days, and ascribing all the glory of the conquest to the God of armies.

The private life of our venerable friend was, in its early part, a season of success and sunshine. His sails were swift upon the ocean, and his cattle fat upon the hills. He was blest 'in his basket and in his store.' But, as in prosperity he was not puffed up, so in adversity he was not broken down. And when it afterwards pleased the Lord to try him, as he did his servant of old, by a sudden turn in his fortune, which brought on losses and afflictions in a burden that would have crushed a spirit which was not, like his, accustomed to throw all temporal things, whether in loss or gain, into the scale against 'that far more

exceeding and eternal weight of glory' to which he is now looking with the feeling of a near approach, he was never heard to murmur, 'nor charged God foolishly.' In one instance, there literally 'came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of his house, and it fell.' Yet, in all his troubles, he seemed soothed and supported by a conscience whispering within, 'but he knoweth the way that I have taken : when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. My foot hath held his steps ; his way I have kept and not declined.'

His misfortunes and the vicissitudes of his life, if they were 'written and printed in a book,' would form a series of truths, far more interesting than many of the glowing and pathetic fictions that are sung about heroes from the regions of romance. But, after having buffeted the tempest for many years, in which he was ever more ready to convince the world that the staff he walked by was not rested on an earthly foundation than to boast of that which supported him ; he at length saw the clouds melted and scattered away, thin and pale upon the face of the azure heavens. He is now sound in health, serene and happy ; and a mild sunset of glory hangs around the evening of his day.

It may not be improper here to add, of him who has

fought so manfully for his country and so faithfully for the captain of his salvation, that his belief has ever been set forth, less by his words, than by his walk, in which he has always been found a follower of him who was meek and lowly.

His Christian profession, which he has never been seen to disgrace, was made very early in life; but on the subject of religion he is modest, reverential and a man of few words. No sectarian or bigot, he judges none, interferes with none; but while one is contending that he is of Paul, and another that he is of Cephas, he is satisfied to be found of Christ; and to cherish that charity which 'suffereth long and is kind.' The gospel, in the simple form in which it was handed down by the inspired writers, he took for the first pattern, by which to shape his religious views and character, and he has never wished to alter them to any new mode, or to conform to rules of belief and practice.

He reads no work of doctrine or controversy; but, regarding the book of books as the light for his mind and the fountain for his thirst, he prefers it, in the one sense, to any of the lesser luminaries that may be kindled by or lighted at it; and in the other, to the streams that may have been drawn from it, and poured

into vessels of divers colours, to be tinged with the hue of each.

You may, therefore, see him at this well-spring of life ; and as he sits with a large folio Bible open across his lap, with both hands fastened upon it, as though it were the only thing to hold on by in this world, his eye is fixed on its pages, as if he looked through them into heaven.

His early religious experience has always been less known to the world, than to himself and the being with whom the business of the soul is transacted. Indeed, I never knew of his speaking on the subject till a friend a few months ago, wishing to know something of it, questioned him in so close a manner, as to draw from him nearly the following simple statement.

‘ My first impressions were from pious parents, whose moral and religious instructions were always illustrated to my young mind, by the example of their upright and holy walk before me. As I grew older, and began to read and to reflect for myself, I used to take the Bible into retirement, and, meditating alone over its contents, I felt that I could not make a wiser choice than its author for my friend through life, nor seek a better portion than the inheritance of a child of God. I was now but a boy, but I believed he spoke the truth who said, ‘ those who seek me early

shall find me,' and I gladly gave up my heart and all its concerns into his keeping, feeling that they could be no where else so safe. I remember that one of my favourite haunts for reading and meditation, in good weather, was a beautiful walnut grove in my father's grounds not far from our dwelling. Here I used to go out alone, to admire the beauties of the natural world, and commune with him who had caused them. As I looked from my grassy seat up, through the tall trees, whose boughs on every side were studded with young nuts; and considered that the hand which was forming the kernel in the shell, and bringing it to perfection, had also spread out, and upheld the heavens above; I was filled with wonder and admiration at the thought of the wisdom, power and goodness of Him, who was the author of all that I beheld without, and all that I felt within me.

'It was at this age, and in an hour and a scene like this, that, with my heart melted by unmingled love, I came to the early, but deliberate decision, that I would be Christ's for time, and trust to him for eternity; and thus I bound myself to him by a covenant, which has since held me up through all the deep and troubled water, and remained unbroken by any of the tempests of this world.

'When I went into the army, I took my Bible in

my knapsack, determined to square my actions by its rules, come what might ; and never have I regretted going forth to the field clothed in the armour it prescribed.'

It is hoped that they who may run over this hasty outline, will not accuse the writer of having perverted the name of the Christian soldier.

H.

THE ANGEL CHOIR.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.

LUKE, XV. 10.

THE day was o'er, its toils and cares,
And at their festivals the stars
Looked on my pillow, pure and bright,
As wakeful guardians of the night.
Mysterious orbs—nay, who can tell,
Perchance the homes where angels dwell.
Long, long I mused : till, high in air,
Methought I rose and travelled far,
O'er mountains lofty, valleys green,
And rural dwellings dimly seen
Amid the fragrant moon-lit bowers ;
Here blazed a grove of burnished towers,
And there a still lake's silver beams
Glanced from afar ; and shining streams

Threaded the darksome earth below.
Then came a change : a sudden glow
Flushed from a broad and waveless sea,
O'er which I wandered silently.
Anon, far in the clear expanse,
An object rose, and, as a glance
Of quickest thought, I found me near
A small green isle, unearthly fair.
A spot it seemed 'twixt earth and heaven,
A dwelling not for mortals given.
The waves, all pure as crystal round,
The bright sands laved with gentle sound ;
The ground was strewn with fruits unknown,
The flowers on earth had never blown.
A central fount, embowered in trees,
With murmurs filled the scented breeze.
Then came a silvery mist, and spread
A crown of glory over head ;
While, here and there, a wreath was seen
To float along the velvet green.
When lo, the whole in parcels broke,
And each a glorious image took,
And myriad winged forms appear
Suspended in the balmy air,
Or lighted on the fairy isle,
And harping golden harps the while.

Nor tongue can tell, nor heart conceive,
What sounds their harps and voices give ;
As thunder harsh Eolia's lyre,
Compared with this celestial choir.
I saw one coming from afar,
That seemed at first the evening star ;
More bright than these : their harpings cease,
And all the stranger greet with peace.
' From earth I come, another there
Hath bowed in penitential prayer ;
Now strike a chorus on your lyres,
And spread it through the heavenly choirs.'
At once they snatched their harps and sung,
And sea and air melodious rung.
I heard the echoes all around
Of unseen ones who caught the sound,
' The dead's alive, the lost is found ;'
They send it back,—it came again,
A louder and a sweeter strain.
Up rose the choir from that green shore,
The skies grow brighter than before,
The moon and stars sunk from the sight,
Extinguished in a blaze of light,
As one, to whom their songs were given,
Received them at the gates of heaven.

I woke—to hear the matin song
Of birds, the dewy leaves among :
The sun upon my pillow shone,
And every airy form was flown.

B———N.

STANTON, VA.

WASHINGTON.

THE following short and simple anecdote may have some interest, coming, as it does, from the lips of one who was personally acquainted with the father of our country; and who, fifty-seven years ago, stood with him on the border of the Hudson, receiving his orders. I will, therefore, give it in the old officer's own words, as I had it from him a few days since.

‘ We were standing near Fort Washington—I thought I had never seen the countenance of Washington evince so much anxiety as at this moment; and I soon learnt the cause. He had laid a plan to prevent the enemy's shipping from passing up the river, by sinking a chevaux-de-frise; and now, he had just discovered that his plan had been detected, and its object frustrated. The enemy were coming up rapidly, without any obstacle; while the relative

positions of their ships and our fort were such as to render it a vain attempt to fire, while they were so much below us that our pieces could not be depressed to strike them. Washington feeling that we were in great peril, and that something must be done, had just uttered, 'if we cannot strike the hull, we must try to cut the rigging,' when, in the same moment, they sent two cannon balls, which, passing between us, entered into the battery a little beyond where we stood conversing together.

'At this trying crisis, General Washington probably felt that the day was lost to us; yet, he made no expression of discouragement, but, soon as the balls had passed, he averted his face, and lifting his hands, ejaculated in a low voice, 'thy will be done!'

Here the good old man's voice was choked, and his eye suffused with tears, at the recollection of this sudden and affecting proof of the readiness of his beloved commander-in-chief to do all that human means could effect for the safety of his country, and yet to bow so submissively to the Divine will.

H.

THE FLOOD.

And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered.

GEN. VII. 19.

EARTH's groans are heard afar—the air's deep sleep
Is broken. Springs gush out and sparkle high;
The silver streamlets swell and brawling leap;
While swift the ocean foam invades the sky.
Dark seas in fury lash the sounding shore,
And howl defiance to the world of men;
The rains descend and swell the deafening roar
That raves o'er field and forest, hill and glen;
The seething waters storm in surges wide
And whelm the living in their whirling tide;
A shoreless ocean now enwraps the globe,
The roaring waves in solemn might prevail,
Wild clouds are spread for nature's funeral robe,
And loud winds o'er the lost creation wail.

J. N. M.

THE LADY OF SHUNEM.

2 Kings, IV.

WHERE can we find relations of such deep and thrilling interest, as are to be discovered in the pages of the sacred history? Where are we to look for so much simplicity of narration, such heart-rending pathos?

At the time when Jehoram, the son of Ahab, reigned over the kingdom of Israel, there dwelt in the city of Shunem a small, though rich and prosperous family. The city itself was of no great name or distinction in Israel. It was situated on the northern border of the portion assigned to the tribe of Issachar, and was estimated at five miles distance south of mount Tabor, so celebrated in sacred story. But what the little city of Shunem wants in historic recollection is more than made up by the scene of genuine hospitality which is incidentally recorded, and the display of those

miraculous powers by which the God of Israel was wont in those days to make known the rich benevolence of his character, amidst circumstances where those displays might least have been expected.

The interesting narrative which we are about to place before our readers, and the materiel of which we gather entirely out of the sacred history, carries us back very far into an age, of which there is little less than romance to be found, except in the volume of inspiration. The events of which we shall speak, took place at least two thousand six hundred and sixty years ago, or about eight hundred and thirty years before the Christian era ; and we may have just reason to anticipate a simplicity of manners, which is as unknown as it would be unwelcome in the present too artificial condition of society.

The sacred writer seems studiously to avoid the mention of the name of the individual who figures so conspicuously, and yet so unobtrusively in his story. She is simply designated the Shunamite, and it was no doubt thought a sufficient distinction that she should be known by the excellence of her character.

The first trait in the character of this excellent female is her warm and permanent hospitality. As, in the discharge of the duties of his office as him on whom had fallen the mantle of the prophet Elijah,

Elisha passed through the city of Shunem, the bottle of water which he carried under his arm was not exhausted, neither had the bread failed from his scrip; but, in the spirit of genuine primitive hospitality, she would not permit him to take his solitary meal in the caravanserai. In the beautiful brevity of the narration we are told that 'she constrained him to eat bread.' The first generous invitation, which was promptly acceded to, ripened into mutual esteem, and, as often as duty called him to pass that way as he went to the schools of the prophets, he failed not to call at her house to inquire of her welfare, and to leave as well as to take a blessing. We are told, that 'among the *ancients*, and in a simple state of society, where the accommodations of modern travelling were unknown, the entertainment of strangers was considered as among the most sacred of duties.' The reader will not fail to recollect the many very beautiful illustrations of this, which are to be found in the histories of the ancient patriarchs, and which gave rise to the remark of the apostle, when, urging the necessity and duty of a generous hospitality, he says, 'be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

Had the remark of St Paul been written for the occasion of which we are speaking, it could not have

received a more apt illustration; for as an angel did Elisha prove himself to the Shunamite, on more than one occasion, as the subsequent history will show.

From the conduct and conversation of her guest, this excellent woman soon discovered that she entertained not only a stranger, but a prophet. He had strangely repaid her hospitality, had he not sought in the social intercourse even of a brief and passing meal to have directed her thoughts to that God, from whom all her blessings flowed, and in whose immediate service he was himself engaged. It were much to the advantage of his own character, as well as to the spiritual welfare of those by whom he is surrounded, did every minister of the living God bear the testimony of his master, as the animating theme of his converse with those who give him the generous welcome of their hospitable homes. How else can he suitably repay them; silver and gold he has none, and very seldom can he have the opportunity of reciprocating favours. But surely such as he has he is bound to give them; and a word in season, called by the wise king of Israel ‘an apple of gold in a network of silver,’ may be worth more than all the wealth and honour of the world.

The history tells us, that she soon discovered Elisha

to be a prophet of the Lord, and this conviction she communicated to her husband in one of the intervals between his visits. ‘And she said unto her husband, Behold, now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually.’ There can be no doubt, that his holy converse had been the theme of much pious meditation between this hospitable pair. And in testimony of a grateful recollection, and with a well wrought desire to gain a deeper insight into the knowledge he was capable of imparting, she made to her husband the following proposal of a more extended hospitality. ‘Let us make a little chamber on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick, and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither.’ This proposal seemed to meet the approbation of the husband, as there is not only no objection recorded, but the fact that the prophet, in a subsequent visit, occupied his little apartment, thus kindly provided, proves that it was agreeable to the wishes of the master of the family.

It would be contrary to our notions of genuine hospitality, to place a distinguished guest in an apartment thus built, and apparently so slightly furnished. But we should judge erroneously did we endeavour to graduate ancient customs by our present opinions.

The truth is, that the prophet received the highest honour which ancient hospitality afforded. Separate buildings, resembling what we suppose to have been the chamber of the prophet, are attached to almost all the houses of distinction in the east; sometimes they rise a story higher than the house, sometimes they consist of one or two rooms and a terrace on the same level, sometimes they are built over the porch or gateway, and have as many comforts and conveniences as the house itself. They generally communicate with the gallery of the house by a door, which the master of the family opens or closes at his pleasure; and besides this, they usually have another door which, connected with a private staircase, opens into the court below, so that the guest may go out and come in, without the least disturbance to the family or notice from the household. And even to this day, it is in apartments of this kind that the most distinguished strangers are entertained. This secured to the guest a great many advantages; he could be private when he pleased, he could easily be with the family when he desired, and could go in and out at pleasure. The peculiar simplicity of the furniture in the prophet's chamber, cannot fail of arresting the attention: it consisted of a *bed*, a *table*, a *stool* and a *candlestick*. This apparent scanty fitting-up of his room

is by no means to be attributed to disrespect or negligence : it is rather to be considered as characteristic of the simplicity of the times. The intention was, most certainly, to accommodate Elisha in a manner expressive of reverence and esteem. The original term, unhappily rendered *stool* in our English version, signifies one of the most honourable kinds of seats usually placed in an apartment, and is sometimes translated *throne*. In ancient times, the nations of the east were not so universally addicted to sitting cross-legged on the ground, on mats or carpets, as they are at present, but accustomed themselves to raised seats or chairs, which were sometimes sufficiently elevated to require a footstool. The *candlestick* is also to be considered as a mark of respect, if not of magnificence ; and its use was to keep a light burning all the night.

But even had the furniture been of the very plainest kind, it would have been appropriate to the condition of the prophet, and a mark of genuine hospitality. That Elisha took it so is evident from the fact, that he frequently made it his delightful residence ; that he there reposed his weary limbs, and there, in that charming solitude, poured out his soul in prayer and supplication.

No one of a generous mind ever *receives* a favour,

without an earnest desire to render some kind service in return. The prophet of the Lord was not unmindful of the obligation of gratitude, and though he amply, and more than amply repaid his hospitable entertainers, by his godly and instructive conversation, he was disposed to do much more. On one occasion when, from excessive fatigue, he felt more particularly the blessing of so happy a home, he reposed on his couch, and revolved in his mind how he could most likely repay the kindness of his benefactors. Unable to come to a decision, he sent his servant, and requested from his hostess the honour of an interview in his own apartment. To his request she immediately acceded, and with the frank and manly simplicity of the times, he asked her, if there was any thing in which he could possibly render her a service. His address is dignified and affectionate, and marked by a lively sense of gratitude. 'Behold,' says he, 'thou hast been careful for us with all this care, what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken of to the king, or to the captain of the host?' As if he had said, 'shall I exert my influence at court to serve you—are there any privileges which you would desire extended to your family—are there any services I can possibly render you?' This clearly indicated the gratitude which dwelt in the bosom of the

prophet ; but the answer of the Shunamite exhibited a spirit of the most noble disinterestedness, and of that contentment of mind which cannot be otherwise than a continued feast. The sacred history gives us her brief, but most comprehensive answer: ‘ I dwell among mine own people,’—‘ I have no wish remaining to be gratified ; God, in his providence, has made my cup run over with blessings. I have a kind and affectionate husband, attentive to my every want. I have abundance of the goods of this world. I have the respect and love of the friends among whom I dwell, and I have peace with God,—what need I more?’ She then retired from the presence of the prophet ; and admiration of her character was added to the gratitude for her attentions which he had already felt.

A writer,* who has seen fit to furnish to the public a lengthened biography of this nameless Lady of Shunem, thus alludes to this interesting and uncommon incident. ‘ The answer of the Shunamite to Elisha furnishes us with one of the finest specimens of contentment in the records of history ; and it may be affirmed without hesitation, that nothing can secure the exercise of this temper, in the present constitution

* F. A. Cox, A.M.

of the human mind, but genuine religion. In cases where no such principle exists, dissatisfaction embitters the cup of our earthly portion, and all those ambitious feelings which agitate and distress the life of man acquire an uncontrolled ascendancy.' But to return to our history.

True gratitude is a restless principle. Elisha was by no means willing to be thus baffled by a disinterestedness as uncommon as it was noble, and he turned his mind to the invention of some means by which he might still render her a service; and he finds those means as connected with her domestic relations.

The holy prophet could not but have noticed, that, like Zacharias and Elizabeth in the new testament history, this hospitable pair were childless; but the circumstance had not rested on his mind with any intensity. At the hint of his servant Gehazi, he seizes the idea that the blessing of an infant's smiles and playfulness might give additional happiness to the already calm contentment of his hostess, and as the impulse came upon his mind from the inspiration of his God, he ventures to predict to herself that this blessing should be added to her already full cup of enjoyment.

We are told, that 'children are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.' The prediction of the prophet was fulfilled—a lovely infant smiled on

this joyful mother of Shunem. Its tender years she watched with the most anxious solicitude ; and as it lay sleeping on her lap, or playing at her side, her heart sent up to the Father of her mercies, the warm returns of an abounding gratitude. How many years she was permitted to enjoy the delights of a mother's love, the history does not tell us. Perhaps the very blessing she had suffered in some respect to win from God too much of her soul's best affections. Be it as it may, she was too soon doomed to experience a reverse as painful, as the joys of years had already been ecstatic.

It was the season of harvest, and the father with his reapers was engaged in binding the sheaves in the fields contiguous to the city, but somewhat remote from his dwelling. If this child was the mother's joy, he was the father's pride, and perhaps it was imprudent, but no doubt well meant, that he took him to the harvest field, to breathe the fresh air, and smell the fragrance of the new mown meadows. The history gives us to understand, that while this only son, of this hospitable pair, was thus in the field with the reapers, he was attacked by a disease not uncommon in the climate of Judea, and known to us by the emphatic designation of a 'coup de soleil.' 'And when the child was grown,' says the inspired relator, 'it

fell on a day that he went out to his father, and the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head.' Instantly the father sent him to his mother; but, unaware of the extent of the disease which had thus suddenly attacked his darling child, he himself remained in the superintendence of his reapers. What a brevity, yet tender simplicity do we find to characterize this history. 'And when the lad had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.' No mention is made of the agony of her feelings, as she held his burning hand in hers, and pressed to her lips his burning forehead; perhaps he was unconscious of all her tender cares, and breathed his spirit up to God, without the consciousness and the pain of separation from his fond and heart-broken mother.

But as she gazed on the breathless corpse which lay in her lap, and as she looked on that lovely face cold in death, there was one thought which seemed to take possession of her heart and to light on her countenance, the heaven born beam of hope. 'This is the child of prophecy:' God gave him, 'God will yet restore him.' She waited not for the sympathy of friends; the energy of her character displayed itself in promptness of action. 'She went up and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the

door upon him, and went out.' With a decision which is unusual, she had formed her plans, and she sent a message to her husband, 'Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again.' Surprised, as well he might be, by so singular a message, the husband returned for answer, 'Wherefore wilt thou go to him to-day? It is neither new moon, nor Sabbath.' But there was no time for explanation, and the brief reply was this, 'It shall be well.' Confident in the judgment and discretion of his wife, the husband made no objection: her wishes were gratified, and as soon as the preparations could be made, she was on her way to the residence of the prophet, on the mount of Carmel. Now mark the energy and the self sacrificing spirit of maternal affection—'Drive on, slack not for me thy riding, except I bid thee.' Twenty miles at least had this agonized mother to travel ere she could impart to the prophet of the Lord the anguish of her bosom, and seek from him either the assurance of her child's restoration, or those sacred consolations which religion alone can offer. Let us leave her awhile, to pursue her dreary and desolate journey over the burning plains of the lot of Issachar, and take advantage of the interval for a tender, yet profitable remark.

‘ Those who have never felt a similar deprivation are necessarily disqualified from forming any adequate idea of the bitterness of parental grief, when the objects of their fondest solicitude are suddenly snatched from the grasp of their affections. It is difficult to say in what period of youthful history this stroke is severest, or when it is most tolerable; because every point of age has its peculiar attractions, and parental love will always imagine that to be the most afflicting in which the event occurs. Happy those who can adopt the language of one of the sweetest epitaphs that ever adorned a monument.

‘ Lived—to wake each tender passion,
 And delightful hopes inspire ;
 Died—to try our resignation,
 And direct our wishes higher :—

‘ Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers,
 Till the resurrection morn ;
 Then arise to join the numbers
 That its triumphs shall adorn.

‘ Though, thy presence so endearing,
 We thy absence now deplore ;
 At the Saviour’s bright appearing
 We shall meet to part no more.

‘Thus to thee, O Lord, submitting,
We the tender pledge resign ;
And, thy mercies ne’er forgetting,
Own that all we have is thine.

‘It is not unusual for the providence of God to deprive us of those objects we had too exclusively and too fondly called *our own*, and the long enjoyment of which we had confidently anticipated. This is no capricious proceeding: it is marked by wisdom and goodness; since our real happiness depends on the regulation of those passions which, but for such dispensations, would rove with unhallowed eccentricity from the chief good. It is necessary that we should be trained in the school of adversity; and that, by a course of corrective discipline, nicely adapted to each particular case, our characters should be gradually matured for a nobler existence.’*

‘So she went,’ thus reads the history, ‘and came unto the man of God to mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold yonder is that Shunamite; run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?—and she answered,

* Cox.

It is well.' 'Some have considered this merely as an evasive answer, made for the purpose of avoiding conversation with Gehazi, with whom she did not wish to enter into the particulars of her present situation. This, however, is an improbable interpretation, because it would by no means comport with the general integrity of her character, nor with the respect which was due, and which we know she cherished, for the prophet. This was doubtless the message with which Gehazi returned to his master, who, from his ignorance of her precise circumstances, could not, till her own subsequent explanation, comprehend the elevated sentiments implied in such a general reply. A pious mind, in similar circumstances, would not hesitate to affirm, '*it is well,*'—*well* with the living—*well* with the dead—*well* with those who, notwithstanding all their bereavements, are under the care of heaven and enjoy the smiles of God—*well* with those whose disembodied spirits, escaped from the imprisonment of time, have ascended to the unfettered freedom, the unbounded felicity of eternity.

'In this view the Shunamite recognized the sovereignty of God; his indisputable right to dispose of her and her affairs as he pleased. 'Shall the clay say to him that formed it, What doest thou?' The unbending temper of infidelity will, perhaps, receive this

as 'a hard saying;' but it is affirmed in the inspired page, and must ever be admitted by him who is in his 'right mind.' Uncontrollable power, acting irrespectively of wisdom or goodness, would be indeed a terrific idea, and must issue in a state of universal anarchy; but the *perfection* of that Infinite Being, who 'sitteth upon the circle of the earth,' secures the *righteous* exercise of the most irresistible authority; and of this we may ever be assured, that although his arm is omnipotent, it is never unmerciful.

'The Shunamite intended also to express her confidence in the goodness of God, however disguised by the afflictive nature of his dispensations. In a proper state of mind it will not be requisite, in order to produce resignation, that we should comprehend the whole design of every sorrow. We should bow to the mysteriousness of the event; and the patience of endurance will not depend on the full development and explanation of the mystery. Whether events accord with our wishes or oppose them, '*it is the Lord*' will bring us to silence and submission.'*

'And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet, but Gehazi came near to thrust her away,' perhaps accounting that she was

* Cox.

deranged. 'And the man of God said, Let her alone, her soul is vexed within her, and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me.' 'Then she said, Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?' At these words uttered in the tone of deep maternal anguish, the prophet, though untold, caught the idea, and without waiting for further inquiry, but anxious to render the service which she seemed to require—'then said he to Gehazi his servant, gird thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way; if thou meet any man, salute him not, and if any salute thee, answer him not again; and lay my staff upon the face of the child.' The afflicted and heart-stricken mother, however, could not be satisfied with this result of her cheerless and wearisome journey; there was something in her heart which told her that this commission of the servant of the prophet would be unavailing; and, with the perseverance which nothing but the agony of a mother's love could have excused, she importunes the prophet, 'as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' Overcome by an appeal like this, from one who had rendered him so many kindnesses, Elisha made no resistance to her importunities: he arose and accompanied her to Shunem.

Meanwhile, Gehazi, zealous to do the will of his

master, and doubtless himself animated by a gratitude somewhat similar, hastened on his errand ; ‘ he passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child.’ The errand was without success ; no signs of returning animation could be discovered, ‘ there was neither voice nor hearing.’ Disappointed in his commission, the faithful Gehazi returned to carry the unwelcome tidings to his master ; but he had not gone far beyond the gate of Shunem, when he met with the afflicted mother. There needed no language to speak to her heart that his errand had been unsuccessful ; she saw it with the instinctive quickness of the mother, in the sad countenance and tearful eye ; but, to his master, Gehazi said, ‘ the child is not waked.’

Did it hasten the riding of Elisha ? he needed no fresh stimulus. As soon as he reached the house, he went into his accustomed chamber, and there, on his own bed, did he behold the pale and lovely corpse of the child of his benefactress. But one resort had the prophet. He knew, that in the hands of the Lord are the issues of life ; if it is the Lord who gives, it is the Lord who takes away, and it is the Lord who can return the gift he has withdrawn. By the bed, on which lay the cold and lifeless body of this child of promise, did he kneel and pour out his soul before his God. He prayed that he, in whom is life, would

MELISSA RESTORING THE SICKEN AMITE'S SON.

Painted by R. West.



Engraved by J. Langdon.

enable him to bring the soul of the child back to its deserted body. Directed by the Lord, to whom he had looked for counsel, he laid his own warm bosom on the cold body of the child, kissed his cold lips, and sought by every means to impart to the body the animal warmth of his own body, and it was with inexpressible delight that he found the body of the child grow warm. But still there was no life. In the spirit of prayer, he walked to and fro for a time, and then tried the process again, and then was he cheered with signs of returning life; and soon did he see those eyes on which the death-seal had been set open once more to the light of life. God had heard his prayers: 'Gehazi, call this Shunamite.' On the instant she rushed into the room, and the prophet gave to her arms her living son, restored by the power of his God, in answer to the fervency and faithfulness of his prayers.

With a gratitude too full for utterance she fell at the prophet's feet, and then 'she took her son and went out' to indulge, in the privacy of her own apartments, those hallowed and indescribable feelings which none but a mother knows. We presume not to intrude on that privacy.

Is there a mother who has deigned to read this narrative, and has that mother wept on the bosom of

some darling child, whom God hath taken to himself? These are no days of miracle, but dost thou not know that thy child shall rise again from the dead? Let thine own heart be given to God, and then thou shalt meet thy darling one, never to be separated.

PASSAGES.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun ; and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

ECCL. I. 17.

ASK of the dreams which come to bless
 Life's early and unsullied hours ;
 Which scatter o'er its wilderness
 Their golden sunshine and their flowers :—
 Ask why their magic whispering
 Of hope and promise to the heart,
 Breathing in balm, like winds of spring—
 Why do they all so soon depart ?

Earth has no light which lingers on,
 When time's triumphant surge goes by ;
 How soon the magic hues are gone
 That flush in childhood's cloudless sky.
 The hues of joy ! their spring-like glow
 Is like a sunbeam on the wave :

Ere grief comes forth her pall to throw
On pleasure's chill and lonely grave.

Fame, youth, and hope of earthly bliss,
How quickly are their visions fled !
And the heart broods in loneliness,
Above the slumbers of the dead :
Friends, kindred sink in that lone sleep
Which must to all in darkness come,
When death's cold pinions oversweep
The voiceless chambers of the tomb.

Ask, of that blest and blessing king
Who reigned in proud Jerusalem,
Why o'er the joys that earth could bring
He poured the mournful requiem?
All hopes were his ;—all that the earth
Could bring to bless his longing soul :
The hours of love—the songs of mirth—
The race that led to honour's goal.

He basked in the luxuriant light
Which beams from woman's kindly eye,
And health and peace and visions bright
Came to his spirit, wild and high ;

There was no blessing not his own,
No pleasure which he left untried;
Justice and wisdom marked his throne,
And each decision sanctified.

The voice of fame was in his ear,
His name to distant lands was borne;
How are its clarion-breathings dear
In being's bland and early morn!
And queenly heads low at his feet,
In orient beauty came and bowed,
His honour and his reign to greet,
His temple, swelling high and proud!

Gold, pearls and treasure were his dower,
Gardens of beauty and perfume;
He worshipped love in summer bower,
In forms of loveliness and bloom;
Around him lay one joyous scene
Of unalloyed and calm delight;
The earth laughed out in robes of green,
And heaven's blue arch was bathed in light!

And on the rich and silver air,
Voluptuous music poured its strain,

And in his path the young and fair
Scattered their roses in his train ;
All that could bless the ardent soul
From earth was in his chalice blent,—
His pleasures were without control
And boundless as the firmament.

Yet it was vain ! upon his eye
The bowers of earthly joy grew dim ;
The fountain lost its melody,
It had no gladsome voice for him ;
Woman with smiles—the teeming earth,
The winds with fragrance on their wings,
Burdened with sweet and blended mirth,
And dallying with Æolian strings :

These had no charm ; the song, the glee,
The praises of the multitude ;
The wild bird's warbled melody,
Stealing o'er flowers with gems bedewed :
All, all were vanity : the glow,
The sunlight of the wide world's smile,
With all the phantoms they bestow,
Had naught which could the heart beguile.

And shall man worship with the crowd
At the cold earth's illusive shrine,
When monarchs, born to pleasure, bowed
And turned in sadness to repine ?
Oh, let us seek the better part,
The fields and crystal waters given ;
And bind that promise to the heart,
Which breathes the enduring joys of heaven.

W. G. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

COUNSELS OF THE AGED TO THE YOUNG.

A New Year's Present.

It is a matter of serious regret, that young persons are commonly so little disposed to listen to the advice of the aged. This prejudice seems to have its origin in an apprehension, that austerity and rigour naturally belong to advanced years; and that the loss of all susceptibility of pleasure from those scenes and objects which afford delight to the young produces something of an ill-natured or envious feeling towards them. Now, it cannot be denied, that some of the aged are chargeable with the fault of being too rigid in exacting from youth the same steady gravity, which is becoming in those who have lived long, and have had much experience in the world: not remem-

bering, that the constitutional temperament of these two periods of human life is very different. In youth, the spirits are buoyant, the susceptibilities lively, the affections ardent, and the hopes sanguine. To the young, every thing in the world wears the garb of freshness; and the novelty and variety of the scenes presented keep up a constant excitement. These traits of youthful character, as long as irregularity and excess are avoided, are not only allowable, but amiable; and would in that age be badly exchanged for the more sedate and grave emotions which are the natural effects of increasing years and of long and painful experience. But it is greatly to be desired, that the lessons of wisdom taught by the experience of one set of men, should be made available to the instruction of those who come after them. We have, therefore, determined to address a few short hints of advice to the rising generation, on subjects of deep and acknowledged importance to all; but previously to commencing, we would assure them, that it is no part of our object to interfere with their innocent enjoyments, or to deprive them of one pleasure which cannot be shown to be injurious to their best interests. We wish to approach you, dear youth, in the character of affectionate friends, rather than in that of dogmatical teachers or stern reprovers. We would, there-

fore, solicit your patient, candid and impartial attention to the following counsels.

I.

RESOLVE to form your lives upon some certain principles, and to regulate your actions by fixed rules? Man was made to be governed by reason, and not by mere accident or caprice. It is important, therefore, that you begin early to consider and inquire, what is the proper course of human conduct, and to form some plan for your future lives. The want of such consideration is manifest in the conduct of multitudes. They are governed by the impulse of the moment, reckless of consequences. They have fixed no steady aim, and have adopted no certain principles of action. Living thus at random, it would be a miracle if they went uniformly right. In order to your pursuing a right path, you must know what it is, and to acquire this knowledge, you must divest yourselves of thoughtless giddiness, you must take time for serious reflection. It will not answer, to adopt without consideration the opinions of those who may be about you; for they may have some sinister design in regard to you; or they may themselves be misled by error or prejudice. Persons already involved in dissipation, or entangled in error, naturally desire to keep

themselves in countenance, by the number of followers whom they can seduce into the paths of vice. As reasonable creatures, therefore, judge for yourselves what course it is right and fitting that you should pursue. Exercise your own reason independently and impartially, and give not yourselves up to be governed by mere caprice and fashion, or by the opinions of others.

II.

WHILE you are young, avail yourselves of every opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge. Reason should guide us: but without correct knowledge reason is useless; just as the most perfectly formed eye would be useless, without light. There is in every man a natural thirst for knowledge, which needs only to be cultivated and rightly directed. All have not equal opportunities of obtaining important knowledge: but all have more advantages for this object than they improve. The sources of information are innumerable: the principal, however, are books and living men. In regard to the former, no age of the world which has passed, was so favoured with a multiplicity of books as our own. Indeed, the very number, and diversity of character and tendency of authors now creates one of the most obvious

difficulties to those who are destitute of wise advisers. It would be an unwise counsel, to tell you to read indiscriminately whatever comes to hand. The press gives circulation not only to useful knowledge, but to error dressed up plausibly in the garb of truth. Many books are useless, others are on the whole injurious, and some are impregnated with a deadly poison. Waste not your time in works of idle fiction. Touch not the book which tends to present vice in an alluring form. Seek the advice of judicious friends in the choice of books.

But you may also learn much from listening to the conversation of the wise and good. There is scarcely a person so ignorant, who has lived any time in the world, that cannot communicate some profitable hint to the young. Avail yourselves, then, of every opportunity of learning what you do not know; and let not pride prevent you from seeking instruction, lest by this means you should betray your ignorance. Cherish the desire of knowledge, and keep your mind constantly awake, and open to instruction, from every quarter.

III.

BE careful to form good habits. Almost all permanent habits are contracted in youth; and these do

in fact form the character of the man through life. It is Paley, I believe, who remarks, that we act from habit nine times, where we do once from deliberation. Little do young persons apprehend the momentous consequences of many of their most frequently repeated actions. Some habits are merely inconvenient, but have no moral quality : others affect the principles of our conduct ; and become sources of good or evil, to an incalculable degree. As to the former, they should be avoided, as detracting from our comfort, and as ultimately interfering with our usefulness ; but the latter should be deprecated, as laying the foundation of a wicked character, and as standing in the way of all mental and moral improvement.

IV.

BE particular and select in the company which you keep, and the friendships which you form. ‘Tell me,’ says the proverb, ‘what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are.’ ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’ Vice is more easily and extensively diffused by improper companions, than by all other means. As one infected sheep communicates disease to a whole flock ; so one sinner often destroys much good, by corrupting all the youth who fall under his influence. When vicious men are possessed of

wit and fascinating manners, their conversation is most dangerous to the young. We would entreat you, dear young friends, to form an intimacy with no one whose principles are suspicious. The friendship of profligate men is exceedingly dangerous. Listen not to their fair speeches, and warm professions of attachment. Fly from contact with them, as from one infected with the plague. Form no close alliance with such. No more think of taking them to your bosom, than you would a viper. Gaze not on their beauty, nor suffer yourselves to be charmed with the fascination of their manners. Under these specious appearances, a deleterious poison lurks.

‘Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,’ is the exhortation of scripture. And what can be more unseemly and incongruous, than for an amiable and virtuous woman to be indissolubly united to an unprincipled debauchee? Or, for a good man to be connected with a woman destitute of piety and virtue? Be especially careful, therefore, in forming alliances for life. Seek a connection with the wise and good, and you will become wiser and better by converse with such.

V.

EXERCISE incessant vigilance against the dangers,

and temptations by which you are surrounded, and by which you will certainly be assailed. These dangers are too numerous to be specified in detail: but I will mention a few. Guard solicitously against all approaches towards infidelity. Reject unbelieving thoughts and sceptical doubts from the beginning. Even if the system of infidelity were true, it promises no comfort, and cannot possibly be serviceable to you. But the best security will be to study diligently the evidences of religion, and be ready to meet the cavils of infidelity at all points. Make yourselves well acquainted with the best authors on this subject, and let your faith rest on the firm ground of evidence.

Another danger against which you must be watchful, is pleasure—sensual pleasure. Worldly amusements, however innocent they may appear, are replete with hidden dangers. These scenes exhilarate the spirits, and excite the imagination, until reason and conscience are hushed, and the real end of living is forgotten. For the sake of pleasure, every thing important and sacred is neglected, and the most valuable part of human life wasted in unprofitable engagements. Beware then of the vortex of dissipation, and especially of the least approach towards the gulf of intemperance. On that slippery ground, many strong men have fallen, never to rise. The trophies of this insidious and destructive vice are widely spread

on every side, and the wise and good have come to the conclusion, that there is no effectual security against this enemy, but in a resolute and persevering abstinence from inebriating drink. Seek your happiness, dear youth, in the pursuit of useful objects, and in the performance of duty, and then you will be safe, and will have no reason to envy the votaries of sensual pleasure.

VI.

LIVE not merely for yourselves, but also for the good of others. Selfishness contracts the soul, and hardens the heart. The man absorbed in selfish pursuits is incapable of the sweetest, noblest joys, of which our nature is susceptible. The author of our being has ordained laws, according to which the most exquisite pleasure is connected, not with the direct pursuit of our own happiness, but with the exercise of benevolence. On this principle it is, that he who labours wholly for the benefit of others, and as it were forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the centre of all his affections, the sole object of all his exertions. On this principle it was, that our Saviour said, 'it is more blessed to give, than to receive.' Resolve, therefore, to lead lives of usefulness. Be indifferent to nothing which has any relation to

the welfare of men. Be not afraid of diminishing your own happiness, by seeking that of others. Devise liberal things, and let not avarice shut up your hand from giving to him that needeth, and to promote the cause of piety and humanity.

VII.

ENDEAVOUR to acquire and maintain a good reputation. 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' A ruined fortune may be recovered, a lost reputation never. Young men are often laying the foundation of an unenviable reputation, while they are thinking of no such thing. They never dream that the character which they attain at school or college will probably be as lasting as life. The youth who is known to be addicted to falsehood, knavery, treachery, &c., when arrived at the age of man, will be viewed by those who know him with distrust. A stain on the character is not easily washed out; at a distant period, the faults and follies of youth may be revived to a man's confusion and injury. But, especially, is the female character exquisitely delicate. A small degree of imprudence will often fix a stigma on the gay young lady, which no subsequent sobriety can completely erase.

We do not mean, that the young should cherish a

false sense of honour, which would lead them to fight and contend for reputation. No man ever secured or increased a good name, by shedding the vital blood of a human being. The reputation which we recommend must arise from a life of consistent and uniform well-doing. Prize such a character, as of inestimable value to your own peace, and as a most powerful means of usefulness. The most potent human engine of utility is influence; and this depends entirely on reputation.

VIII.

LET your intercourse with men be marked by a strict and conscientious regard to truth, honour, justice, kindness and courtesy. We should certainly have recommended politeness, as a happy means of polishing social intercourse, and affording pleasure to those with whom you are conversant: but many are accustomed to connect an unpleasant idea with this word. But, surely, genuine politeness, if not itself a virtue, spreads a charm and a beauty over that which is virtuous. And, certainly, there is no merit in awkwardness and clownishness. But our chief object under this particular is to urge upon you a constant and punctilious regard to the social virtues. Be honest, be upright, sincere, men of your word, faith-

ful to every trust, kind to every body, respectful where respect is due, generous according to your ability, grateful for benefits received, and delicate in the mode of conferring favours. Let your integrity be unsuspected. Never resort to any mean or underhand measures: but let your conduct and conversation be characterised by frankness and candour, by forbearance, and a spirit of indulgence and forgiveness. In short, 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'

IX.

BE faithful and conscientious in the discharge of all duties which arise out of the relations which you sustain to others. Relative duties are far more numerous than all others; because the occasions requiring their performance are constantly occurring. The duties of parents, of children, of brothers and sisters, of neighbours, of masters and servants, of teachers and pupils, of magistrates and citizens, of the learned professions, of trade, of the rich and the poor, occupy a very large portion of the time and attention of every man. And these furnish the proper test of character. 'He who is faithful in little, is faithful also in much.' And he who is not attentive to the daily recurring duties of his station, in vain claims the

reputation of virtue or piety, by splendid acts of public beneficence. 'Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'

X.

BE contented with the station and circumstances in which Providence has placed you. Never repine at God's dealings towards you, nor envy those who are above you in worldly advantages. Consider not so much what you want, as what you have ; and look less at those above you, than at those in inferior circumstances. Accustom yourselves to look on the bright, rather than the dark side of the picture. Indulge not in unreasonable fears, nor give way to feelings of despondency. Exercise fortitude, and maintain tranquillity of mind. Be not ruffled and disconcerted by every little cross event which may occur. Place not your happiness at the disposal of every one who may be disposed to speak an unkind word, or do an unhandsome thing. Learn to possess your souls in patience, believing that when appearances are darkest, the dawn of a more comfortable day is near.

XI.

CHERISH and diligently cultivate genuine piety. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'

Early piety is the most beautiful spectacle in the world. Without piety all your morality, however useful to men, is but a shadow. It is a branch without a root. Religion, above every other acquisition, enriches and adorns the mind of man; and it is especially congenial with the natural susceptibilities of the youthful mind. The vivacity and versatility of youth, the tenderness and ardour of the affections in this age, exhibit piety to the best advantage. How delightful is it, to see the bosoms of the young swelling with the lively emotions of pure devotion. How beautiful is the tear of penitence or of holy joy which glistens in the eye of tender youth. Think not, dear young people, that true religion will detract from your happiness. It is a reproach cast upon your Maker, to indulge such a thought. It cannot be. A God of goodness never required any thing of his creatures, which did not tend to their true felicity. Piety may indeed lead you to exchange the pleasures of the theatre and ball-room, for the purer joys of the church and oratory. It may turn your attention from books of mere idle fancy and fiction, to the word of God, which, to a regenerated soul, is found to be sweeter than honey, and more excellent than the choicest gold; but this will add to your happiness, rather than diminish it. We would then affectionately

and earnestly exhort and entreat you, to ‘remember now your Creator in the days of your youth.’ This will be your best security against all the dangers and temptations to which you are exposed; this will secure to you ‘the favour of God which is life, and his loving kindness which is better than life.’ Delay not your conversion; every day is lost time, which is not spent in the service of God. Besides, procrastination has proved ruinous to many. Eternity is at hand; the judgment day must be met, and how can we appear there, without piety? This is our only preparation and passport for heaven. Dear youth, be wise, and secure an inheritance among the saints in light. God invites you to be reconciled. Christ extends his arms of mercy to secure you. Angels are waiting to rejoice at your conversion, and to become your daily and nightly guardians. The doors of the church will be open to receive you. The ministers of the gospel, and all the company of believers will hail your entrance, and will welcome you to the precious ordinances of God’s house. And, finally, remember that, ‘now is the accepted time and the day of salvation.’

XII.

OUR last counsel is, that you seek divine direc-

tion and aid, by incessant, fervent prayer. You need grace to help you every day. Your own wisdom is folly, your own strength weakness, and your own righteousness altogether insufficient. 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' But if you lack wisdom, you are permitted to ask; and you have a gracious promise, that you shall receive. Whatever we need will be granted, if we humbly and believingly ask for it. 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.' 'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing with prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.'

In all your troubles, make God your refuge. Flee to him by humble trust and prayer, and he will hide you under the shadow of his wings, and in his secret pavilion, and even in death you shall fear no evil, for Jehovah, your shepherd, will be present to comfort you. And when you shall have finished your earthly pilgrimage, a mansion in the heavens will await you; Christ, your Saviour, will receive your departing spirit, and you shall go, to be present with the Lord.

A. A.

PRINCETON.

HYMN OF THE REAPERS.

OUR Father,—to fields that are white
For harvest, the sickle we bear,
And praise shall our voices unite
To Thee, who hast made them thy care!

The seed that was dropped in the soil,
We left with a holy belief
In one who was blessing the toil,
To crown it at length with the sheaf.

And ever our faith shall be firm
In him who was life to the root—
Whose finger has led up the germ,
And finished the blade and the fruit.

The heads that are heavy with grain
Are bowing and asking to fall;

Thy hand is on mountain and plain,
Thou Maker and Giver of all !

Thy favours are heaped on the hills,
The valleys thy goodness repeat,
And, Lord, 'tis thy bounty that fills
The arms of the reaper with wheat.

O, when, with his sickle in hand,
Thine angel the mandate receives,
To come to thy field with the band,
To bind up, and bear off the sheaves—

May we be as free from the blight,
As ripe to be taken away,
And fit for the store, in thy sight,
As that we shall gather to-day.

Our Father, the heart and the voice
Flow out our fresh offering to yield!
The reapers! the reapers rejoice,
And send up their song from the field !

H. F. G.

NEWBURYPORT.

THE VISION.

A Fragment.

FROM the top of the Aventine hill, I had gazed on the fading glories of an Italian sun, and, absorbed in my own meditations, twilight had shed its last rays upon the dome of St Peter's, when I entered that magnificent monument of papal pomp and power. It was a season of solemn observance, and the eve of that day on which the church of Rome is accustomed to commemorate the crucifixion of the Redeemer. I was the only occupant of a scene, so soon to be filled by curiosity, idleness or devotion. A universal stillness reigned throughout the lofty pile. The few lights which burned upon the high altar shed but a feeble radiance over the aisles, and added to the religious gloom of approaching night. It was natural that my mind should become solemnized, and my feelings elevated, by the hour and the scene. In

thought, I wandered from the gorgeous ceremonies of the Romish ritual, which I had often beheld and was now again to witness, to those temples formed by nature, in which I had seen 'the inhabitants of the valley' offer up their devotions where the arch of heaven was their only canopy, and the rude rocks on which they knelt their only altar. The modest steeple of my native village rose to my imagination as when I left it, in the prime of youth, with the tear and blessings of a mother's love, to gain that knowledge of others which her fears foreboded might only be acquired by the sacrifice of myself, and that experience of the world which might only be obtained by the loss of the pious lessons she had so well taught. In the midst of this train of reflection, I had unconsciously seated myself before that splendid production of the genius of Angelo, in which, at the awful catastrophe of all sublunary things, the Redeemer is preparing to announce the eternal doom of the human race. It was now, in contemplation of the general judgment thus vividly figured to my senses by human art, that my early religious impressions, which had nearly been obliterated by too frequent contact with the world, were again powerfully awakened. My feelings became agitated, and the solemn interrogatory seemed forced upon my heart, by a power which I felt

to be divine, whether, at such an hour and in such a scene, it would be mine to receive the sentence of eternal life or eternal death. I trembled beneath the agitation of my thoughts; reason for a moment seemed to totter on her throne; the faculties of nature ceased to perform their office; the impressions of sense became indistinct; and when my consciousness returned, I knew myself to be in the immediate presence of a more than mortal being, and that the voice of an angel was permitted to impart the lesson of instruction. "Child of frailty," he said, "I am Asraphel, the spirit appointed to guard thee in thy state of probation; to counsel, but not compel; to guide, but not control; to warn, but not deliver thee from the snare of temptation. Thou art concerned for thy destiny as an immortal being, and I am therefore commissioned to show thee the path of salvation. Turn thine eyes upon the plain which is extended before thee, and meditate on what thou seest." I looked, and saw in the distance a lofty and extensive range of mountains, whose shadows seemed to cover the wide champaign. The vapours of the morning surrounded their base, and their summits were buried in clouds. The stillness was broken only by the murmurs of a brook, struggling for passage at the foot of the hill which projected farthest into the plain, and there was

naught, for a time, to interrupt the universal solitude. But presently I beheld, and there appeared, advancing from the western side of the mountains, two forms which arrested and fastened my attention. An old man of majestic mien was conducting by the hand a youth, who alternately looked with inquiry into the face of the elder, and over the prospect which lay before him. The countenance of the sire was serious but mild, melancholy but not sad; while the look of the boy was evidently animated beyond its usual expression, and his step was elastic with the impulse of expectation.

On approaching the spot where the stream broke on the plain, I observed that there was wood upon the shoulder of the younger, and that the knife in the hand of the elder was drawn. A question was put by the boy, of which I heard not the words, but a smile played upon his features, and his tone of consciousness evinced that he sought no reply. A movement took place between them, which told me, that a son was preparing to obey the will of a father. An altar was constructed of the materials which lay around them; the wood was placed in order upon it, and the youth laid himself down, and suffered the cords in his father's hand to pass around his body and the pile. There was the pause of a moment. The right arm of

the old man was bared, the naked weapon was in his grasp, his left hand was laid upon the head of the boy, his countenance was raised to heaven, his features were lighted with an expression of the deepest devotion; and I saw that the father was about to sacrifice the son. At that moment, a noise, like the fall of many waters, broke the silence of the scene; a light above that of the sun, which had just arisen on the horizon and agitated the mist of the mountains, irradiated the place around the altar, and shed its glory upon the victim and the priest. The clouds, which encompassed the tops of the hills, concentrated their volume; and from the midst there came a voice, which bade the father suspend his arm, and arrested the stroke of death. Suddenly the scene became altered in its character, but not changed. The sire and the son had ascended above the eminence on which the altar had originally been built; the beams of the morning sun were brightening the whole extent of the plain; and the clouds had rolled away from the sides of the hills. The east alone appeared to be in a supernatural darkness, over which the sun could exert no influence, and which my eye in vain endeavoured to pierce. I turned and looked upon the countenance of him, who had so lately heard and obeyed the command to spare his child. The express-

ion of his face was no longer such as when he stood by the altar, with the instrument of death in his hand. The same appearance of devotion was there, but his looks seemed to be agitated with feelings more intense. The smile of joy was on his lip, a more than mortal brightness irradiated his features, and his eye was fixed in a rapture of devotion upon an object which lay in the darkness before him. Again I looked, and the obscurity appeared to break from before my vision. In the distance I beheld a cross. Around it were an innumerable host of beings, whose faces shone with heavenly benignity; upon it hung a form whose lineaments it was not given me to discern; and on its top was inscribed SALVATION in letters of blood. My soul was overwhelmed with a tumult of awe; again my senses forsook their office; again were the faculties of nature suspended, and again were the powers of thought oppressed with their own weight. But gradually the veil of insensibility was removed, and returning consciousness informed me that an angel was still beside me; and the voice of Asraphel again addressed me. "I have shiowed thee," he said, "the path of eternal life. My power extends only to give thee an explanation of what thou hast seen; and already, while I am speaking, it is impressed upon thy mind. Beware, that thou ever suffer it to be

obliterated. Thou hast looked upon Abraham, the father of the faithful, hast seen what he was permitted to see, and felt what he was enabled to feel. Thou hast beheld the subject of faith and the mode of its exercise." "And where," I exclaimed, "shall I find it in its greatest vigour? I have wandered over the countries of the earth, and beheld Christianity in its different forms. To which of the various bodies who own the name of the Redeemer, and claim salvation through the cross, shall I unite myself on earth, in the hope of being united for ever in heaven?" "The church of Christ," said the angel, "is but one." "And is there," I exclaimed, "but one term of salvation?" "Believe," said the angel, "in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Thou hast received thy first lesson of wisdom, awake and be wise."

ORIGEN.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

—The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere.

BRYANT.

Days of the yellow leaf!
Again your shadows gather round,
Where stood so late the golden sheaf
With hopes and blessings of the reaper crowned,
Your sere and withered trophies now usurp the ground.

Days of the wailing blast!
Ye breathe sad music in your sigh;
Hoarsely the waters murmur past,
The pensive robin twitters plaintively,
And screaming sea-birds plume them for a kindlier sky.

Days of the brooding storm!
Cloud-borne, above the leaf-clad hills,

Ye show the tempest-spirit's form ;
His angry voice the mountain echo fills :
The wood-bird cowers, the joyous lark his carol stills.

Days of the rayless sun !
Deep thoughts ye wake within the breast ;
Ye tell how near life's course is run ;
Your counsel bids the spirit know not rest,
Till it has won a clime, with sunbeams ever blessed.

P. M. W.

THE DUELLIST.

Here read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time.

BYRON.

ABOUT ten years since, I passed a few days in the family of a country friend; some recent events have revived my recollections of this visit, and impressed them with peculiar interest.

My friend is a noble relic of the old-fashioned southern gentry; there is a free-hearted generosity in all his sentiments, an almost romantic delicacy in all points of honourable feeling. In his youth he was a gallant soldier and distinguished officer; and through the rustic stains which have gradually obscured the original elegance of his manners, occasional gleams of high polish bespeak the man who 'camps and courts had seen.'

Thirty years of peaceful retirement on his own estate, and in the bosom of a beloved family, have imperceptibly transformed the high-spirited enthusiastic warrior into the amiable, pacific country gentleman. But a strong leaven of military views and feelings still pervades the character of my old friend; and notwithstanding the natural sweetness of his temper, and the usual urbanity of his manners, the slightest failure in customary punctilio, makes 'the angry spot' glow on his dark, wrinkled brow, and more than once he has converted a trifling offence into the subject of a deadly feud. God in mercy has spared him the *accomplishment* of murder; how far he has incurred its *guilt*, His righteous records alone can determine.

Yet he is not without religious notions and feelings, after his own confused fashion. A country life cherishes that sentiment of natural religion, which more or less exists in every human bosom: accordingly, my friend has assured me that often, when walking forth in the spring of the year, the country all brightening around him, the vernal hum of insects, and gay songs of birds, have created such a solemn gladness within him, that before he was aware, he had reverently lifted his hat from his head, and *blessed*

God. Or, listening to the blustering autumn gale, over a dying evening fire, such a sad seriousness has stolen upon him, that he grew weary of the world, with all its day-light vanities, and esteemed them transient and unprofitable as the fading embers before him. But this sentimental devotion is the natural homage of a feeling heart; my friend goes a step further; he is the stout opposer of infidelity, and has often told me, with the overflowing complacency of an applauding conscience, that he “thanked God he was no philosopher, he could heartily believe the Christian system, with all its difficulties.” Accordingly, we find the ‘*big ha’-Bible*’ holding its decent state upon his parlour table; and hither, when visited with any uncommon affliction, he is seen duly repairing for consolation; this perhaps being the only occasion on which its gilded pages are unfolded to the light.

Such was my friend as I remember him some ten years since: amiable, dignified and graceful in all the relations of life, and possessing just so much religion as passes current with the world, without casting a solitary influence upon his own heart and practice. The same lax principles concerning religion pervade his parental character; an amiable propriety is visible in all the arrangements of his family, an

anxious solicitude in relation to their moral and intellectual improvement; religion alone is forgotten—not despised, but neglected.

His son, a bold and beautiful boy, soon caught the reflection of the leading traits of his character. Gazing on his father's sword, and listening to the history of all its victories, his little bosom early swelled with that incipient passion which was to rule his future destiny; and if sometimes a secret shudder passed over his childish frame, as he marked the dark blue stain of blood upon its glittering blade, it was soon succeeded by a thrill of boyish rapture at the recollection of his father's glory. But it was not only the story of his honest fame, won in his country's battles, that was poured like burning lava upon young Edwin's ardent, susceptible mind; the eager child received with avidity the obscurely hinted relation of *honourable murder*, kindling into a kind of fierce but troubled joy, as all its inflammatory principles were developed before him.

It was a scene that might have drawn tears of mournful anticipation from every benevolent and considerate observer: the rosy innocence of the happy, careless child, the father's pride and joy, at the very moment that his unconscious lips distilled the fatal

poison—and a little further on, in melancholy prospect, the bloody grave of youth, and quickly descending to it, the gray hairs of broken-hearted age.

This sketch of my friend was a necessary prelude to the little history which follows.

Shady Grove was the name which his ancestors gave to the leafy forest beneath whose shelter they reared the roof-tree of their family: but the woodman's axe has gradually encroached upon its ancient shadows, and a narrow strip of woodlands, pervious on every side to the sunbeams, is its only remaining relic. Still the name is jealously preserved by the present possessor, who delights in pointing out the mouldering stumps, whose shaggy circumference bespeaks the noble majesty of the vanished forest: and as he views these blackened remains, contrasting verdant meadows of rustling rice, or gaudy fields of blooming cotton, he not unfrequently indulges a strain of pensive moralizing upon decayed greatness, and upstart wealth and honour.

Shady Grove, like most of the country establishments of the south, presents a strange combination of elegance and meanness, wealth and poverty; reminding us of those descriptions which travellers have given us of Eastern cities, where the lordly shadow of

the palace falls upon the uncouth hovel of the peasant. So it is here; the lofty dwelling, with its beautiful verandahs, painted palisades, and universal elegance of arrangement, contrasts strangely with the negro village, which, close at hand, presents its ragged street of ill-constructed cabins.

I arrived at my friend's house late in the fall of 18—. A rich October sunset shed over the scene that pensive, but most exquisite charm which belongs alone to that season of tender luxurious melancholy, when dying nature wraps around her, her loveliest but most evanescent drapery. The sight of my friend in florid old age excited a thousand accordant emotions, and though we had both passed that season of life which is marked by very lively exhibitions of feeling, yet the cordial grasp and glistening eye, witnessed to each other the recollected joys and sorrows of other years.

I arrived in a time of holyday sport and relaxation; the only son, a youth of fourteen, was enjoying his first vacation at home: and hence it was every body's business to be happy, from my friend himself, seated in his old arm-chair, contriving pleasures, to the noisy negro rabble without, whose merry shouts incessantly proclaimed Master Edwin's return. There is some-

thing irresistibly infectious in that happiness which springs from the affections. I soon felt its delightful exhilaration; indeed my friend in the simplicity of his heart declared, that the very cricket in the hearth chirped his shrill vesper in a merrier note than usual.

A tall, dark-eyed youth was young Edwin's companion; his father, in sketching to me the strength and tenderness of their mutual affection, strongly reminded me of the beautiful scriptural description of youthful friendship, as 'passing the love of woman.'

"Herbert Owens has been Edwin's play-fellow since he broke away from his nurse; they have but one heart and one portion, no 'mine and thine' comes between them. Herbert is a few years the oldest, and when they go away from me into the world, I shall confidently commit Edwin to his keeping."

Such were the happy anticipations of my sanguine friend, as we watched the two youths sauntering arm in arm along the river, or heard their mingled voices in many shouts from the echoing woods. Still I have them in my mind's eye as they looked returning from their forenoon's sport, their arms fondly linked together, their sun-burnt faces glowing with heat and exercise, and each animated countenance reflecting

the most cordial affection upon the other: alas! that I should ever have beheld so melancholy a reverse of the picture.

My visit was short, but so full of affectionate happiness, that it casts a cheerful ray over all my recollections of that period. Even now I feel a tender softness at my heart as I recall each gentle trait of lovely, youthful friendship. Surely, I thought, those hands are clasped for the long journey of life; no unkindness shall sever, no solitary struggle befall them; kindly they will sustain each other in life, and sweetly soothe in death. I looked upon the grave sweetness of Herbert's countenance, and then upon the radiant happiness of Edwin's, and thought,—Herbert shall guide and restrain Edwin, and Edwin shall cheer and sustain Herbert.

Several years passed before I renewed my acquaintance with these interesting young men: it was at the close of their collegiate course that they established themselves in ——, for the more convenient pursuit of their professional studies. They called upon me immediately, and Edwin presented a short letter from his father, affectionately commending his son to my attention, “though,” added my amiable friend, “dear Herbert is almost as good a guardian as he can have.”

I was astonished to find how completely a few years had transformed their slight, stripling figures into the dignified proportions of manhood: their boyish softness and arch vivacity, too, were gone, but I traced with pleasure the same cordial kindness between the two friends.

Time went on, and every day seemed ripening the promise of their youth; Herbert was steadily ascending that steep

‘Where fame’s proud temple shines afar,’

and Edwin, the frank, light-hearted youth, had drawn around him a large circle of affectionate friends. Both promised to add largely to the usefulness and happiness of their generation. And often, as I contemplated their rising virtues, I would say to myself, and sometimes solemnly admonish each of them, “*one thing* thou lackest.” They were too amiable to resent, but they were far too proud to listen to me. Ah, had they inclined their minds to my words, what deep immedicable wounds had many hearts been spared!

My retired, sober habits, led me into very different scenes and pursuits from those frequented by young men of such high fashion; yet occasionally they did cross my path, and gradually I traced a painful altera-

tion in them. They were no longer inseparable companions; in my evening walks I often met Herbert alone, with downcast eyes and a moody abstraction of countenance; and when I inquired for Edwin, his heightened colour and embarrassed manner betrayed some lurking evil. Edwin, too, sometimes passed me, begirt with strange friends, with a flushed countenance, and an eye sparkling with other feelings than those which once lighted its mild, affectionate beam.

At last the painful mystery was solved. A political difference had estranged the two friends. A political quarrel had burst the golden links of affection, and a friendship which had 'grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength,' was rashly sacrificed in a moment of thoughtless heat.

I was deeply grieved; I had loved the two lads when first I saw them under their father's roof; I loved them for their generous attachment; further acquaintance had increased this sentiment, and now I grieved to see them rashly casting from them a treasure 'dearer than Plutus's mine, richer than gold.'

I resolved to visit them, to appeal to their reason, to their affections,—and I doubted not that their own hearts would second my exertions. I think I have something of 'the milk of human kindness' in my

composition—at least, I had kindled into a perfect glow of benevolent feeling in contemplating this anticipated work of charity, when the following communication was suddenly laid before me.

SIR,—Understanding that you feel a particular interest in Mr Edwin R——, I feel it my duty to apprise you that Mr Owens and himself, a few minutes since, left town, with an intention of settling their difference in mortal combat. They have chosen the usual ground near the city. A FRIEND.

I was inexpressibly shocked: for a moment emotion paralyzed exertion; but mustering all my fortitude, I hastened, as fast as my trembling limbs could bear me, to the place indicated by my informant. It was a little cluster of pines, whose melancholy shadows had often been bedewed with tears and blood. I had scarcely gained sight of the group now stationed beneath them, when the report of pistols pealed like thunder over me: I staggered blindly forward, for my aged eyes were dazzled by that deathful flash. I remember nothing distinctly until I found the mangled body of Edwin encircled in my arms, his fair, lifeless face drooping to the earth like a broken lily. The shock was so sudden, so stupifying, that I neither moved nor spoke, until the calm, though concerned

manner of the assistants in the dreadful tragedy, roused my slumbering indignation. "Ye men of blood," I cried, "ye deliberate butchers of rash, thoughtless youth, surely the voice of this blood which ye have shed, will pierce the heavens with its cry."

At that moment I looked up and saw the wretched murderer. Instantly my feelings were diverted into a new channel; pity mingled with horror as I contemplated his matchless crime and wo. I resigned the lifeless corpse and approached him. He stood in the very attitude in which he had done the deed of death, his arm still extended, his hand firmly grasping the empty pistol. But his face—oh! its horrid glare of supreme misery! each rigid muscle stretched to an agony of tension—his colourless lips, and livid countenance, all wore that nameless horror of expression which belongs to the murderer alone. He looked like Cain when Abel's innocent blood smoked at his feet. Miserable sinner! when I saw his punishment thus, 'greater than he could bear,' I forgot his crime in its consequences; and laying my hand on his arm, I pulled him gently away. He was perfectly passive; I accompanied him to his lodging, and remained with him all that night, for I dreaded some new horror.

I will not describe his feelings ; it is a subject too awful for the indulgence of scene-painting. There are sins which for a time we may, 'roll, as a sweet morsel, under our tongues;' but it is not so with murder. He that violates the sacred sanctuary of human life, feels the instant curse descend upon him ; the deadly canker has fallen upon his heart which shall surely consume it away. Often as I watched his fearful agitation, I murmured to myself, behold

'What lesson may be read,
Beside the sinner's restless bed.'

I went the next morning to take a last look of Edwin,—I wished to save for his father a lock of his hair, that only relic of mortality that affection may snatch from the grave. As I cut tenderly away the rich locks which shaded the marble brow of death, what a deep, what an awful comprehension I obtained of the desert of sin. I gazed upon that face so lately painted with a thousand varying emotions—how fixed! how solemn! he that had never been solemn before. O, it is 'a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,' 'tis still more fearful to burst the gates of eternity by crime.

The following unfinished letter lay on Edwin's desk.

“A most unmanly softness subdues me in writing what I feel must be my *last* letter to my father. When I was a little child, scarce higher than your knee, you loved to call me your ‘brave boy;’ and through all the dangers and trials of life to which I have been exposed, I have never reproached myself with weakness of nerve; but *now* I am oppressed by sensations which I feel amount to *fear*. Yes, my soul quakes within me as I contemplate the resistless flight of my numbered minutes; and how happy should I be to escape this dreaded catastrophe.

“My last letter apprised you of the unhappy state of things between Mr Owens and myself; every succeeding meeting has aggravated our differences, until I ‘felt myself constrained to demand honourable satisfaction’ of him. I know that you will not blame me; I have acted exactly as you would have done in the same circumstances; yet I am miserable. We only wait until to-morrow that some necessary business may be settled by Herbert—Herbert! oh, why did I write that once dear, familiar word—oh still dear. Must I lift my hand with hostile purpose against that bosom upon which my head has so often re-

posed in happy slumbers. Oh that it were possible to retract.

“My second has just visited me, and I have laughed and trifled, and braved death, as carelessly as if I felt nothing; but it is all an affected indifference. Just now I watched a group of happy children playing in the sunshine near my window; and I wept and wished myself a child again, with no ruthless customs to urge me to death and crime. O my father, I have a dreadful horror of that unknown world into which I am rushing. I have thought little about it, but feel that I am doing a deed of dreadful sin—that no hand just raised with murderous intent, may lay its unhallowed touch upon the key that opens paradise—O, it is yet possible——”

Such were the dreadful vacillations of feeling in this poor victim of error—such are the honest emotions of every feeling heart in the same circumstances. I will not dwell upon the hopeless anguish of my wretched friend under this most righteous retribution. His grey hairs are borne down to the grave by a most intolerable burden of guilt and anguish; he justly accuses himself as the murderer of his son, and the sins of his youth press heavily upon him.

He has abandoned the halls of his fathers, and now the whole establishment wears the melancholy air of desertion. Its painted wall has contracted the dingy hue of neglect, its windows are closed, and even the transient passenger may discern that the domestic hearth has been darkened there. Such are the desolations of sin!

Poor Herbert! how is he changed—the graceful sweetness of his manners are gone, and in its place is seen the cold severity of gloomy abstraction. He continues numbered among men in the social compact, but no social virtues emanate from his blighted affections: he holds his place in the world, as a blasted trunk is seen rooted for years among the living, verdant ranks of the forest; no wholesome fruit is gathered from its boughs, no pleasant shadow revolves beneath it. As often as I see him, and mark his sunken cheek tinged with the sallow hue of melancholy, his raven locks whitening with premature old age, and above all, his drooping, lustreless eye, I say to myself,

‘ Here read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time.’

Oh thou gloomy phantom, before whose shadowy

shrine such costly libations of human blood have been offered, when will the daylight of truth dispel thy fatal illusions!

H. S. P.

PARENTAL REGRET.

LAMENT not thus—'tis selfish to repine
That God recalls the treasure he hath given,
Rather rejoice that one sweet babe of thine
Now triumphs with the glorious hosts of heaven.

Gently, most gently, the afflictive rod
Is laid upon thee—thou wilt shortly see,
And humbly own, He is a gracious God
Who hath in loving kindness chastened thee.

For 'what He doth, although thou knowest not now,
Yet thou shalt know hereafter'—deep in dust,
With holy resignation learn to bow,
And own his dealings merciful as just.

He hath but called thy happy infant's soul
From a bleak world, where sin and sorrow reign,



Painted by H. Scheffer

PARENTAL REGRET.



Where strong temptation's stormy billows roll,
Seldom, alas! assailing us in vain.

Beyond the trials of this wintry clime,
Ere yet life's thorny paths his feet had trod,
His joyous spirit, yet unstained by crime,
Is borne in triumph to the throne of God.

And wouldst thou the sweet seraph's flight restrain,
From those pure realms of never failing bliss,
Where God the Father—God the Saviour reign,
To bind him down to such a world as this?

Of such Christ forms his kingdom—oh believe
The blessed truth his hallowed lips declared,
' Ear hath not heard, nor hath the heart conceived
What God for those he loveth hath prepared.'

Then yield submissive to the sovereign will
Of Him who cannot err, and kiss the rod—
' Commune with thine own spirit and be still,'
And know that he is God—a faithful God.

Aye—bend in gratitude to heaven's behest,
For not e'en in the joyful hour when thou

Didst clasp him first to thy maternal breast,
Hadst thou such cause for thankfulness as now.

Then with unwavering faith to earth entrust
The faded relics of this lovely flower,
Assured that e'en this perishable dust,
'Now sown in weakness, shall be raised in power.'

In this, the 'Christian's' blessed hope, resign
To God the treasure by his mercy given,
And bless his name that one sweet babe of thine
Is now a glorious habitant of heaven.

S. S. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE GREAT REFINER.

‘ He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.’

’Tis sweet to know that he who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

’Tis good to think that well he knows
The silver’s power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes ;
And, that, with skill and care,
He’ll take it from the fire, when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

’Tis blessedness to feel that he,
The piece he has begun,

Will not forsake till he can see,
To prove the work is done,
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of his own.

But ah! how much of earthly mould,
Dark relics of the mine,
Purged from the ore, must he behold—
How long must he refine,
Ere in the silver he can trace
The first faint semblance to his face!

Thou Great Refiner, sit thou by,
Thy promise to fulfil!
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
And melted at thy will,
Oh may thy work for ever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as thine!

H. F. G.

NEWBURYPORT.

THE MISSIONARY.

Weep not for him!—there is no cause for woe;
 But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
 Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
 And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:
 So when a few fleet swerving years are flown,
 He'll meet thee at heaven's gate, and lead thee on!
 Weep not for him!

MRS HEMANS.

EVERY thing on earth bears the indelible impress of change, decay and death. Nothing is durable in time. Nothing so brilliant as to be spotless,—nothing so pure as to be stainless. Objects the fairest and loveliest are mutable, and soon become disagreeable; the most beautiful and costly works of art are scarcely completed, ere the work of destruction is commenced; and man, proud man, follows unwillingly, but rapid-

ly, in the same road to dissolution and death. We admire the rich colours and sweet fragrance of the flowers of spring, yet scarcely are their beautiful tints unveiled, than we are called upon to regret their scattered, faded and scentless leaves, driven by the winds, or crushed beneath our feet. We delight in roving in the greenwood, when the bright sun of May calls forth the waving foliage, and on every branch the gay and happy tenants of the grove are building their nests of down, or listening to the sweet and varying notes of ecstasy and love;—yet how few are the days of summer, and how quickly past!—The chill autumn wind is breathed over the vale, and the foliage is faded, is withered, is dead; and the wild birds, which but yesterday were so blest, seek, in other and fairer climes and skies, that rest which here they cannot possess. And are the boasted enjoyments of man more permanent? We come upon the stage full of bright hopes and brilliant anticipations. Pleasure invites, wealth allures, honour and ambition charm; every path to happiness, that unknown boundary of man's desires, is laid open to us, and the glittering prize seems almost within our reach, when the airy phantoms vanish, the rainbow-coloured bubbles burst, and we find ourselves poor mortals still, weighed down

with cares and toils, with afflictions of body and mind, and trembling on the verge of that grave, which is soon to overwhelm us, and all that on earth we can hope or fear. The flowers of spring, it is true, will smile again as sweet and beautiful as ever—the forest will again resume its verdant covering—the song of the wild bird will again awaken its slumbering echoes;—yet, when man dies, when will he return?—when those we love are torn from us by a power that none can resist, may we hope again to meet them here? will they ever awake to the scenes of earth—its life, its hope, its love? Ah! never, never!—when their spring shall arrive, and they burst the cerements of their prison house; when they throw aside the green turf which perhaps for centuries has freshened over the slumbering tenant beneath, the angel of God will have sworn that time shall be no longer.

If there is one thing more than another calculated to disgust us with the things of earth, and the evanescent nature of its enjoyments; to throw a chill over our hopes, and sickly paleness over life; nay, I might almost say—and what will not ignorant, short-sighted, presumptuous man dare?—to impeach the goodness of that being who governs all things; it is to see a young person cut down in the morning of life when every

prospect was bright, to see the cold and relentless grave close on a form upon which fond expectations had been built, and witness youth and beauty weeping over the devastations of the insatiate destroyer.

Such a scene I have witnessed, and it will not soon be forgotten by me. It was when the young, the amiable, and the endeared Milman Somers was deposited in the house appointed for all the living. Although he died far from the home of his childhood, yet I have seen weeping friends, won by his virtues, take their last, silent, sad farewell, and have witnessed the involuntary shudder, as the clods fell hollowly upon the coffin of this young standard bearer of the cross, so soon removed from the conflicts of earth to the hallelujahs of heaven. Somers I knew when a child, and esteemed him; and when, after twenty years had elapsed, and a thousand miles had long separated us, I again met him in one of those deep, beautiful and secluded valleys of East Tennessee, through which flows a head water of the Holstein, and found him the ardent, persevering missionary of the cross, and the humble, sincere Christian, I loved him; who is there that knew him and will not say the same?

Born in one of the eastern states, of pious and respectable parents, whose earliest efforts were directed

to teach him the way to heaven, Somers was remarkable for the sweetness and mildness of his disposition—his anxious desire to please and conciliate—his dread of any thing which could interrupt that harmony and peace which constitute the great charm of social and domestic life ; and if to these natural dispositions I may add his unaffected piety—his unobtrusive but ardent zeal for the happiness of his fellow creatures—his humility, his gratitude, his willingness to submit to any thing by which he could be made useful to religion and the world ;—and we shall have a character which, however imperfectly sketched, will long be remembered with pleasure. Perfection for my friend I do not claim ; he himself would have been the first to have rejected such a pretension. He was a man : ‘to err is human.’

That a mind, constituted and endowed by heaven as was that of Milman Somers, should feel, and deeply feel, for a ‘world lying in wickedness,’ cannot be cause of wonder. He heard the Macedonian cry, ‘come over and help us,’ resounding at once from the coral isles of the deep blue Pacific, the spicy groves and golden sands of Ceylon and Coromandel, the palm-leaf huts and dark sons of darker and degraded Africa, and from the red man of our own forests, driven

to his last barrier and conscious that nothing but Christianity and civilization could save his race from speedy and utter extermination. He heard, and the response of his warm and benevolent heart was, 'Lord, here am I, send me !'

From the moment that young Somers commenced his studies preparatory to the great work of a Christian minister and missionary, his whole soul seemed devoted to the cause in which he had engaged. In his collegiate course he was laborious and indefatigable. His talents were far above mediocrity, and they were successfully exerted. His leisure hours and his weeks of vacation were not spent idly, or unprofitably ; he visited from house to house, he encouraged the feeble and destitute churches, and he urged in that mild and persuasive manner for which he was so distinguished, and which, while it convinced, rarely, if ever, offended, all men to repent and believe. It was in the midst of these endeavours to do good, that the seeds of that disorder were sown, which to the eye of mortals prematurely prostrated him in death. The hectic flush, the sleepless night, the wasted form, showed too plainly, that of all the arrows in his full quiver, the fell destroyer had selected the one most securely and inevitably fatal. Death, in whatever shape he ap-

proaches, may with propriety be termed the 'king of terrors;' come as he will, we may well say to him, in the words of our gifted countryman, Halleck,—

—'Thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony, are thine.'

There is something inconceivably awful in standing on the shore of time, and endeavouring in vain to penetrate the veiled certainties, the mysterious recesses, the unfathomable abysses of the ocean of eternity. We cast our eyes backward on time, it is a passing shadow, a dream, a vapour; yet it has been the source of numberless joys, of ten thousand delightful recollections; and we are now to leave them all—and for what?—ah, who can tell what scenes await the disembodied spirit, in that land of silence and gloom, from within whose leaden portals no traveller has ever returned. Is it strange then that faith, eagle-eyed as it is, should sometimes be unable to penetrate the thick darkness that broods over the grave; that man, shuddering on the confines of eternity, should cast 'a longing, lingering look behind;' and that, in that hour, he should remember, with a feeling of regret, dear friends, sweet

society, and those charms of nature, to which he is now to bid a final adieu. In that hour nothing but the light of that glorious gospel, which has brought to us life and immortality, can irradiate the gloom, and, dear as many of the joys and friendships of earth may be, show us still brighter and holier scenes beyond.

For myself, I have long thought that the greatest boon I could ask with reference to that great event, unconnected with a future state, would be, not to die a living death. I would not stand and see the monarch of the shades advancing with noiseless, but ceaseless steps, for months before he strikes the fatal blow, flattering myself to the last with the hope of escape, but finding to my surprise, that death 'never misses once the track.' I would not see the deepening anxiety of my dearest friends, the extinction of hope after hope, the despondency of physicians, the dimmed eye and pallid cheek, nor by wasting disease defraud the ringed earth-worm of the grave. Yet Somers saw, and suffered, and triumphed and more than triumphed over, all this.

His studies were closed; he had passed the necessary examinations before the ecclesiastical body to which he was attached, and as at times hope still flattered him with the prospect of returning health, he

received an appointment as a missionary to the southwestern states, and immediately made his arrangements to try the effect of a southern clime in renovating his health and spirits. The result of the journey appeared decidedly favourable; his strength rapidly increased: and when, to my no less pleasure than surprise, I met him, after so long a separation, I could not but hope that he was destined to a long career of usefulness below. Yielding to our urgent solicitations he consented to remain a while in our vicinity; we little imagining that he was never again to pass the blue mountains that mark the outlines of our beautiful valley, and render it one of the most healthy and delightful spots on the wide earth. In his style of preaching, Somers chose the simple and affectionate. His object was not to astonish by his brilliancy or his paradoxes; but to convince, enlighten and reform. His hearers were oftener led to Calvary than to Sinai; the motto of his preaching was, 'nothing but Christ!' and on this glorious theme his lips seemed moistened with dew gathered from the leaves of those trees in paradise which are given for the healing of the nations. To one, who hinted to him that he rather avoided than encouraged the introduction of the mysterious and disputed doctrines of Christianity in his

sermons, he replied with a smile, “ Do, my dear sir, let my hearers first become Christians; it will then be time enough for them to become disputants and theologians.”

Religion does not destroy any of those original principles which were implanted in man by his creator; but it enables him to govern and control them: grace does not eradicate any of those social affections which are the offspring of the heart; but it purifies and elevates them, and renders them subservient to the cause of happiness and virtue. Within a few months after his arrival in the valley, Milman Somers became acquainted with the young and beautiful Mary Wildman. That he should become a willing captive to so much loveliness could excite no surprise. To superior power of intellect, she added the graces of an excellent education, and over her whole deportment was thrown that veil of modesty, mildness and charity which can only spring from a mind thoroughly imbued with the belief and practice of the great truths of the Christian religion. Somers loved, and his love was returned with sincerity and affection; but it was viewed by him as a secondary object,—it produced no change in his zeal for the important work to which his life was devoted,—he remembered his vows to the

Lord, and willingly hastened to redeem them; and, in his loved and chosen one, he found a person who, to the extent of her power, would cheerfully aid in the object he had so much at heart. Thus happily situated in the midst of the affectionate people by whom he was surrounded, and by whom his worth was fully appreciated, more than a year passed away. His health had gradually improved; his preaching and his exertions had been signally owned of heaven; a flourishing church had been gathered; and many, very many there were who considered him their spiritual father, and daily invoked heaven's choicest blessings upon his head.

But the fairest prospects of human life are a dream, from which we are suddenly and painfully awakened; our dearest hopes are illusory; and too often it is found, that early usefulness and promising endowments are but a prelude to a premature and untimely grave. Too often the light which glimmers in the chamber of death is but the meteor train, brilliant and fleeting, left by some youthful mind ardent in the pursuit of useful and honourable distinction, but whose rising orb has been quenched in the chilling damps of death. The death of Somers furnishes another to the already numerous proofs which attest these melancholy facts. A

sudden and violent cold, which caused a recurrence of all the dangerous symptoms in his case, greatly alarmed his friends, and not without cause. They saw him again sinking: but he could not listen to their warnings; he could not now hear their entreaties to be more cautious in pursuing his labours, or cease his exertions for the welfare of souls. He was unwilling to forbear working while it was day; and while we have no doubt many will rise up at the last day and call him blessed, it was evident his life and strength were rapidly wasting. When told by the physician that the exertion of preaching would hasten his death, he answered in the words of Whitfield, 'better wear out than rust out.' When mostly confined to his room, his cheerfulness did not forsake him; a complaining, murmuring spirit never was his. The struggle of his soul was severe before he could calmly listen to the voice which from heaven seemed to say unto him, 'I have no more work for thee to do on the earth, thy race is finished; henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of glory.' His loved Mary, who had left the place, a few weeks before, for the purpose of making some arrangements previous to their union, was sent for; but they met not, as they had often done before, with hearts buoyant with pleasing anticipations, and hopes

bright with the prospect of years of usefulness and happiness to come. The hollow and sunken eye, the tottering step and emaciated form, too plainly revealed to the heart of the affectionate girl, the rapid strides that disease had made. Still hope did not entirely desert them. Somers's physician, arguing from the beneficial effects of his former journey, recommended its continuance by easy stages to Nashville, and from thence by a steamboat to New Orleans, where the winter was to be spent; in his solicitude offering to defray all the expenses himself, and be the missionary's companion during the journey and voyage. Mary, too, was to accompany them; but the peculiar delicacy of her relation to Somers, being yet unmarried, rendered more poignant by her sensibility and fine feeling, can only be appreciated by those who have been similarly situated. Her betrothed was to be torn from her arms, yet she might not mourn with those that would be called to mourn; she might exchange her bridal dress for the dark habiliments of woe, yet the heartless and formal regulations of society would hardly permit their use; day and night she would willingly be near his couch to anticipate his slightest wishes, smooth the uneasy pillow of sickness, and if possible alleviate his distress,

yet maiden delicacy forbade. One alternative remained: their vows of affection had been heard and registered in heaven, and they were now witnessed and recorded on earth; they were married. But the usual demonstrations of joy which accompany the bridal were wanting: hearts which bled to think of the separation which was probably so soon to follow, eyes from which tear-drops were falling, and deep solemnity and silence, were there.

Somers sunk daily, and so rapidly, that the journey was abandoned, and all thought of leaving the valley relinquished. The sands of his life had escaped one by one, and it was evident that but few remained. His voice grew fainter, his distress became greater, until at last wearied nature bowed under accumulated suffering; yet his patience failed not, nor was he forsaken by his God. His language to those dear friends of his who were weeping around his bed of death was, "Weep not for me; I am happy in suffering here what my God sees best for me to suffer, and I shall be eternally happy with him, and with you hereafter." When some one ventured to speak of the success which had attended the short period of his ministry, he quickly replied in accents of the deepest humility, "O, mention it not to me: give Jesus the praise; his

blood has wrought it all; were I to preach a thousand years, Christ, and him crucified, should be all my theme." For several hours previous to his death, he had lain speechless and apparently insensible. Anxious to know whether his faith was still unvarying, his faithful Mary, who was bending over him with all the anguish of a bleeding heart, lowered her head, and, in a gentle whisper, inquired if he knew who was speaking to him? "Oh yes!" was his reply, in a voice almost suffocated with the gathering damps of death; while at the same time, with an effort of which he could not have been supposed capable, he threw his arms around her, and clasped her to his bosom; "oh yes! you are my dear Mary, and in heaven I shall not forget you." Then, with the last effort and accents of ebbing existence, he poured out a prayer to his heavenly father, pressed the lips of his beautiful Mary to his own, and on them, with his last kiss, breathed out his soul, and fell asleep in Jesus.

‘ He faded, not as the sun, which sets in clouds
And gloom; but as the morning star, which melts
And mingles in the glorious light of day.’

Near the head of the valley, on the bank of a clear stream that there descends from the mountain, is a

burial ground, over which a few large graceful elms spread their branches, and wave their light feathery tassels; and here, in this secluded retreat, far away from the busy and bustling world, repose the remains of the youthful, the prayerful, the successful, and the lamented Milman Somers. I saw the multitude which, with mournful step and slow, followed him to his last resting-place, and many a hat was there lifted to conceal that softening of the heart and hide those tears which all rugged bosoms are ashamed to exhibit. I have heard the muffled drum, and the low death dirge; I have seen the glitter and pageantry of wealth and pride: but they could never make such deep and lasting impressions, as the spontaneous and affecting respect paid to this humble missionary of Christ. It was the tribute paid to departed excellence, by the best and holiest feelings of the heart. I saw the widowed bride as, with grief too profound for tears, she pressed her white hand on his marble forehead; and, as his comely head was lowered into the grave, I reflected on the mysterious providence which cuts off in the morning of life, from the sweets of domestic bliss, and in the full promise of extensive usefulness, such an individual; while the wretch who lives only to spread the contaminations of vice, who is a curse to his family and

neighbourhood, lives to old age, despising every thing sacred, and, to the last, trifling with his God. The satisfactory and consoling result of all was, 'even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!'

W. G.

SAMSON.

THERE stands a pile in Gaza. Crowd on crowd
Have gathered 'neath its arches; and the hum
Of voiceful merriment re-echoes round.
With gorgeous pomp, lit by the golden sun,
In state luxurious and imposing, rest
The lords of the Philistines. Dagon's form
Swells, like some vast-proportioned statue, near,
And, blending earth's with ocean's wonders, ends
In folds voluminous along the ground.
O'er fretted shaft and architrave, are seen
Groups above groups, down-gazing, far beneath,
Where, like the surges of a stormy sea,
Gay multitudes are moving. Music sounds;
And laugh, and jeer, and shout, alternate rise.

Who stands before the assemblage, still and sad,

James G. S. Lucas, Paris

SAMSON CARREYING OFF THE GATES OF GAZA



James Smellie, Scotland



With wrists all scarred, and arms in solemn guise
Folded, in listless sorrow, on his breast,
While sinks his head, as if awearied, there?
It is the Hebrew, Samson; girt by foes,
Worn with the fever of a prisoner's heart,
And by his griefs enfeebled. Late he stood,
Unshorn and full of strength, on Hebron's hill,
While bars and ponderous gates his shoulders bore,
Wrenched from proud Gaza's wall, when midnight
clouds

Toiled with the moon for mastery in the sky.
Now, robbed of sight, he groped his way, and stood
Between the pillars of that mighty pile,
And heard, with troubled ear, the murmuring tones
That swelled, tumultuous, round him. Then, per-
chance,
His wandering thoughts the mazy days recalled,
When, through voluptuous hours, his eyes, ensnared,
Were bent upon the syren, by whose arts
He late had mourned in prison. Now, no more,
Her witching dalliance charmed: her form, no more,
Moved like a spell before him. He had woke,
From a poor vision of ephemeral joy,
To brazen fetters and a dungeon's gloom.

A pause amidst the mirth—as comes a calm

Before some sweeping storm—hath touched the crowd.
The sightless prisoner's lips in prayer are moved,
As 'midst the pillars of the pile he stands.
A pause,—and then a murmur, like the stir
Of subterranean winds and gathering waves
Which bodes the coming earthquake! Now hath
 dawned
The shorn one's hour of triumph!—for, above,
Around and underneath, like meeting seas,
A sound, which checks th' assembly's indrawn breath,
Peals on each listener's bent and earnest ear!
Mark, where the pillars tremble, as the man,
Whose arms embrace them, clothed in godlike
 strength,
Bends, in his ponderous effort, to and fro!
Now, look above:—and 'gainst 'the wounded air,'
Transpierced with many a shriek and bitter groan,
See countless hands, in frenzied gesture raised
And supplication vain;—and mark, below,
The multitudes down-crouching, pale with dread
And shuddering, in the ague-chill of fear!
Now, yawn the yielding arches; and wild throngs
Spring from the breaking roof, delirious, down.
One stern, unbroken and resistless cry—
One crash of living thunder,—all is still.

The sun hath set on Gaza : yet the west
Burns, with a vivid crimson, where the clouds,
In gold and purple, stretch their winglike folds
Up toward the sapphire ether. Night is near :
And from the ruins of the broken pile,
Where late the captive Hebrew strove and prayed,
There rise the echoes of some sufferer's groan
Yet numbered 'midst the living : faint and low,
They melt, at last, to silence.

Death is there !
And, as a shadow, broods above the scene,
While winds, like funeral anthems, wail around.
Look, once again ! the clouds, but late so bright,
To shadowy forms have turned, and pall the sky ;
O'er joy's sad wreck a saddening spell is shed,
And darkness shrouds old Gaza's lordly dead.

W. G. C.

PHILADELPHIA.

SHALL I CONSENT TO BECOME HIS WIFE ?

MY dear and valued friend, that portion of your letter which contains the question, 'Shall I consent to become his wife?' is one which has awakened in my bosom sensations of the most painful description; because I am fully aware how thankless, and how generally useless the advice, which, on a question of the kind you propose me, runs counter to the wishes of the heart of the one who asks it. You tell me that Mr H—— is an excellent man; that in many of the relations of life he has proved himself all that could be desired, and that your own heart leans to the acceptance of his offer, and only hesitates because he is not *decidedly a religious character*. You say that he respects religion, and that he will not interfere with any of your religious advantages. Permit me here to observe that you entirely miscalculate the enmity of

the unrenewed heart to religion; and that you lay more weight on the negative principle of respect for piety, than it will ever be found able to bear. How can a man truly *respect* religion and yet never embrace it? You would certainly hold it quite preposterous for me to recommend to you a man of decidedly vicious habits, and tell you that though this was his character, he unquestionably was a *respector* of virtue. No man truly respects virtue who lives in vice; and no man truly respects religion who is in the daily habit of refusing the adoption of its obligations. You tell me that Mr H—— would not interfere with your religious advantages; and I can tell you, from very long and painful observation among cases precisely similar, how much this non-interference would amount to. He would not certainly interfere with your religious privileges while those privileges, in their enjoyment, *did not interfere* with his personal gratification; but the moment your religion required self-denial on his part, or ran counter to views or plans which he wished to indulge, that moment the principle of non-interference would be abandoned. I write this because I have seen it in case after case, and have marked the total destruction which it made, either of religion on the one hand, or of domestic enjoyment on the other. I grant that I have seen exceptions: but they are rare

—very, very rare; in Scripture phrase, ‘like the gleaning of the olive, one or two upon the topmost boughs.’

Now, need I answer your question? ‘The perfection of conjugal felicity,’ says one, ‘depends upon the existence of similar religious feelings in the parties. No language can paint the bitterness of that pang which rends the heart when a dissimilarity of taste prevails in so important an affair. Let those who are forming connections in this life, and who *love Christ in sincerity*, reflect on the fatal consequences of devoting their affections to such as can never accompany them to the house of God but with reluctance, or to the throne of grace but with weariness and aversion. If the object of your fondest regard be an unbeliever, your pleasures and your pains of a religious kind, which are the most intense, will be unparticipated. You must walk alone in those paths of pleasantness, which would be still more endeared by such sweet society, and you must suffer the keenest sorrows of the heart, *perhaps* without daring to name them, and *certainly* without one tear, one word, one look of soothing sympathy.’

How far these remarks may influence your determination, I am not able to conjecture. In the business of the heart, there is so much of mere feeling, that cold

reasoning is apt to be much disregarded; and then, very much like Esau, who sold his birth-right for the short-lived gratification of an hour, many 'find no place or opportunity of repentance,' though they feel its dread necessity, even unto 'tears.'

Your affectionate friend.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks *by night*. And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, A SAVIOUR, WHO IS CHRIST THE LORD.

LUKE, II. 8—11.

‘How beautiful that night!
A dewy freshness filled the silent air,
No mist obscured, no little cloud
Broke the whole serene of Heaven.
In full orb'd glory, the majestic moon
Rolled through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray,
The silvered landscape spread,
And slept in loveliness!
How beautiful that night.’

LURED by the beauty of the night, which, in the climate of Judea, is almost at all seasons unclouded, it is more than probable that the shepherds had gathered themselves into small companies, to enjoy the delights of social intercourse. In the day time they would of necessity be separated as they followed their flocks, feeding on the hills or valleys, or drinking at the crystal fountains. But at *night*, after they had brought their flocks in safety to the fold, they could draw near each other, and realize the pleasures which the occupations of the day forbade. In the day time, the sun poured down his beams in heat the most excessive ; but at *night*, there was a sweet refreshing coolness super-added to a cloudless sky, and still more, worlds of moving light above them, calculated to raise their thoughts up to the Maker of them all.

If these shepherds were pious (and we have no reason to doubt it, for we learn that there were those who looked for redemption in Jerusalem), we may reasonably conjecture the subjects of their nightly conversations. Sometimes they dwelt upon the expectation and the consolation of Israel, sometimes they mourned over the ruin and desolation of their country under the Roman domination, and anxiously dwelt upon the period when, according to the promise, the ruin was to be repaired, and the land restored to its primitive

possessors. At times they talked over the prophecies which were calculated to excite their hopes, and ever and anon they bowed in humble supplication, and prayed that Zion's God would arise and have mercy upon her.

These are speculations; be they as they may, it was while these shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night, that 'an angel came down among them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.' It is not surprising that they were 'sore afraid;' supernatural appearances are calculated to produce sudden and strong emotions. In the by-gone days of the patriarchs, when God, by some visible manifestations of his presence, visited and conversed with his servants, less surprise was excited, because he vouchsafed in some measure to many, what has since been almost totally denied to all. The Jews, for forty years, saw, without emotion, that supernatural cloud in which God dwelt among them as his peculiar people. By day, they walked by its guidance and were sheltered beneath its shadow; and by night, it was their light, more than sun or moon or stars. As the glory gradually departed from Israel, supernatural messengers were less frequently vouchsafed, and, at the time in which the event took place which is the subject of this brief meditation, it seemed as if God had almost

forsaken totally his once so highly favoured people. The vision was over, and the prophecy had been sealed four hundred years. During this long and gloomy night of their desolations, no messenger from heaven had cheered the fainting spirits of this singular people. But at the period of which we write, a kind of breathless anxiety seemed to characterize the whole nation of the Jews; there was something disturbed in their whole spiritual atmosphere. A few beams of light, just like the fitful gleaming of some solitary star as it breaks through the clouds of a tempestuous night, seemed to keep alive hope; but that was all. But as the 'fulness of time' came on, there were some brighter indications. There was an angel messenger to Zacharias and to Mary, who told of wondrous things soon to be developed; but it was reserved to these humble shepherds, successors to the early occupation of Israel's first distinguished king, to have so glorious an annunciation as that of the long looked for Messiah, successor to David's long lost dignity. It is no wonder, then, that they were 'sore afraid.' They knew not the purport of the supernatural visit. It might have portended some tremendous evil; it might have brought them some intimation of their nation's deeper degradation, and more signal ruin; perhaps their fears were merely personal, and their souls may have sunk within them

at the apprehension of danger or of death to themselves. But no! a message of mercy was upon the angel's lip, and he did not leave them to indulge their apprehensions; "FEAR NOT, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE."

Good Tidings of Great Joy.

This is the designation—the glorious, the heart-consoling designation of the gospel of the Son of God. In these good tidings, were the purposes of God in the redemption of mankind most fully developed.

Which shall be to All People.

This must have struck their minds with a deeper amazement. It was counter to all their habits of thought, and to all the pride of their national feeling. The Jews had all along been the peculiarly favoured people of God, to them appertained the 'adoption and the glory,' and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service, and the promises—'whose were the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all God blessed for ever.' These had been the glories and the peculiar privileges of the Jews. For reasons, the full knowledge of which is hidden from us, God saw fit to pass over the other

nations of the earth, and to confine to them the mighty advantages of a direct revelation. Redemption by the blood of a Saviour was taught in the sacrifices of their law, for they knew that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission.' Types and figures of the most varied and interesting character were spread out before them, and 'redemption' was the theme of many a prophet's inspired song. If they understood not the spiritual import of all these, it was owing to the blindness, not of their understandings, but their hearts. But *now*, no more confined to the Jews, the knowledge of salvation is to become co-extensive with the limits of the world. No obscurity of type or figure, no sacrifice of beast, no prophet's song, bids us look through the long vista of many years. Since the eventful period when the angels told the shepherds the glad tidings of salvation for *all people*, its knowledge has been rapidly increasing, and within the last half century its stride has been gigantic. That land can now scarcely be pointed out which knows no visitation of the beams of the sun of righteousness. The Bible—the Bible has shed its glories amidst the darkest recesses of heathen ignorance, and wherever the missionary of the cross hath told his message of love and mercy, there have the triumphs of the cross been exhibited. It is true 'there remaineth much land yet to be pos-

sessed,' but there are elements at work which must change the moral condition of the world. God, without whose aid the mightiest efforts would be unavailing, has condescended to stretch forth his arm, and 'not by might nor power, but by the spirit of the Lord of hosts,' shall nation after nation be converted to the faith of Christianity, till the 'knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth.' It should be the prayer of Christians, unceasing, and their endeavours zealously bestowed, that the kingdom of God be speedily established in truth and righteousness through every land which sees the rising glories of the sun, or is visited by the splendours of his setting rays.

A Saviour.

Salvation implies release from the penalty of sin, and release from its power, and glory in the world to come. As a *sacrifice* for sin, the Saviour takes away its penalty and has destroyed its dominion. By the purchased influences of the holy spirit, he prepares for heaven. An act of pardon to a criminal does not entitle him to the favour and approbation of him against whom he had offended. God requires a *change in the heart*, and A SAVIOUR is one who saves from the *power* as well as the *penalty* of sin. 'Marvel not that ye must be born again.' A Saviour for sinners would by no means

accomplish the object of his mission, unless by the operation of an agency which is supernatural he should *qualify* them for a state of glory.

Who is Christ.

This means the anointed one—the Messiah. But there is a climax of extraordinary fitness in the message of the angel—a Saviour, who is Christ

The Lord,

Jehovah. This is a testimony to the divinity of Christ. He is a Saviour of no human contrivance. The Lord of angels and of men, ‘Emanuel, God with us.’

Well then, at the annunciation of a truth so important, might the angelic host break forth into singing, and the burden of their song be the raptured strain,

‘Glory to God! salvation ’s born to-day.’

If we receive this message with our *hearts*, and accept of this free and full salvation, then shall the glad tidings of great joy, announced by the angel, be for us consummated in a happiness and glory, the full character of which even Gabriel’s tongue were incompetent to tell.

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE CROSS.

From the French of Bossuet.

LET me direct your attention to the cross, on which was displayed this inscription, in three languages: 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.' It is true that Pilate wrote these words in opposition to the Jews. This complacent judge, who sacrificed the innocent Jesus lest he should offend the synagogue, becomes, of a sudden, obstinately determined to preserve three or four words which he wrote without any design, and which appeared of so little importance. I here behold the secret interposition of God! It was his will that the royalty of Jesus should be proclaimed from the ignominious cross on which he expired. The inscription is written in HEBREW, which is the language of the people of God! It is written in GREEK, which is the language of the learned! And it is

Painted by J. Martin.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Engraved by W. Heath.





written in LATIN, which is the language of the empire of the world. Inventors of the arts, oh Grecians! inheritors of the promise of God, oh Jews! lords of the world, oh Romans! draw near, read this pregnant inscription, and bend before your king! The time advances, when this unpitied, deserted sufferer will call to his standard all the inhabitants of the earth. Let me yield to the exultation that now warms my bosom, while Tertullian informs me, that in his days, in the infancy of the church, the name of JESUS was universally adored:—‘We form,’ says that illustrious personage, ‘almost the greatest number in every town. *Pars pene major civitatis cujusque.*’ The invincible Parthians, the *antinome* Thracians, so called by the ancients in consequence of their refractory nature, which disdained the restraint of law: these ardent, undisciplined minds submitted to the yoke of Jesus. The Medes, the Armenians, the Persians, the remote Indians, the Moors, the Arabs, the extensive provinces of the East, Egypt, Ethiopia, Africa, the wandering Scythian, the savage inhabitant of Barbary, embrace the humanizing doctrine of Christ. England, inaccessible from its immortal bulwark—the ocean, ‘even on the shore of this isle,’ says Tertullian, ‘the faith of Christ has landed.’ The British coast, which the stately ships of the warlike Romans ap-

proached with caution, with peril, and with labour, the boat of the holy fisherman found of easy access. Shall I not mention the inhabitants of Spain, the warring nation of the Gauls, and the ferocious Germans, who were accustomed to boast, that they never would consent to fear, unless the canopy of the heavens should fall upon their heads: even these tigers crouch submissive to the Lamb? Rome, imperial Rome, that proud city, drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; even she lays her sceptre at the foot of the cross! Oh, sacred instrument of our salvation! thy form shall be erected over every temple, thy form shall be the ornament affixed to every diadem. And, oh royal master! to whom we so justly and so exclusively belong, who hast redeemed us with the price of unutterable love and unbounded charity, we acknowledge thee to be our sovereign: we offer thee this day a solemn dedication of ourselves; thy law shall be the law of our hearts. I will sing thy praises, I will never cease proclaiming thy mercies; I vow to thee eternal fidelity; and in this entire consecration of myself to thy service, may I live and may I die!

CLOSING THOUGHTS.

‘ Who knows if Heaven, with ever bounteous power,
Shall add to-morrow to the present hour ?’

WE have now reached the closing article of our volume, and by a very natural association we are led to meditation on the close of the year and the close of our lives. And although the Almighty Creator of the universe has of his infinite goodness permitted us to arrive at the commencement of another year, it behoves us, amidst the festivities which characterise this joyful season, to cast a retrospective glance over the year which has ended, and drop a tear of recollection over the time which we have mispent, which has now passed away never to return; and from the experience of the past learn wisdom for the conduct of the future. It is true there are moments when the weighty consideration that we have not diligently employed

the time and talents committed to our care comes home to every bosom; but it is no less true that the pleasures and vanities of the world soon check the emotion raised by such consideration, and stifle the glow of feeling ere it penetrates to the heart, or influences the conduct of men. It is true, that resolutions of amendment are formed to 'redeem the time,' but again the melancholy truth presents itself, that procrastination, with insidious wiles, lures the mind from the performance, till resolution itself is lost in the languor of indifference or the gloom of forgetfulness. Let us seriously reflect before we suffer procrastination to steal away those precious moments which a God of infinite mercy has given us to enjoy that we might improve, and which, when passed, can never be recalled.

There appears no position established with greater truth, than that the time allotted to every man in this life is short. The most natural conclusion, then, which we can derive from this is, that each should spend that portion of it which he can call his own, in a manner which will conduce most to his happiness and enjoyment here, and which will afford a reasonable hope of enjoying happiness hereafter. Though it be allowed on all hands that time is precious, and that there will be exacted, at the day of judgment, a

rigorous account of the manner in which it has been employed; though we hear men continually expatiating on the uncertainty of life: yet, strange inconsistency! how few do we behold who are influenced by these considerations! We know that life is a shadow, a vapour, and that the tenure upon which it is held is not in our own power; yet we are continually extending our thoughts towards the future, and the task, which should have been performed to-day, is trusted to the hoped-for event of times over which we are conscious we may have no control. This vice of procrastination, though particularly incident to youth, is observed to extend its influence even to those whose hoary locks of lengthened years proclaim them standing on the brink of the grave; and though in both it is a crime which cannot be palliated, yet while in the former it appears unpardonable folly, in the latter it wears the disgusting form of extremity of madness. In youth we are accustomed to delay, and flatter ourselves that the time will come when leisure or convenience will better enable us to perform a duty than the present, and think that our age entitles us to defer whatever we wish to be deferred. The folly of this is apparent. Time rolls on, and the mind becomes distracted and overwhelmed by the accumulated weight of plans unfinished and duties unperformed.

Let it also be suggested that the bloom and fire of youth form no barrier against the chilling blasts of death, and even the vigour of manhood cannot shield the bosom from his dart. Procrastination is the leprosy of the soul, and it becomes the province of every one who desires the eternal welfare of his fellows, by every means in his power to endeavour to counteract the progress of this mental malady, the contagion of whose influence spreads disease through every degree of society, and which, in proportion to its continuance, is enabled more successfully to resist the operations of skill. To check the disease in its first approaches is the conduct of wisdom; therefore, to the young, to be watchful against the encroachment of procrastination, is advice of extensive moment and worthy to be followed. If, then, there is any design or duty which will tend to promote our prosperity or happiness, we should seize the present moment before time shall have deadened the vigour of effort. Each in the pursuit of pleasure is indefatigable. There is no sensual gratification which any consideration will induce us to delay; but it is only in affairs which require vigorous exertion and industrious application that we are liable to procrastinate. But if, in the pursuit of gratifications which are generally vicious and always transitory, we are ever active, how much more so should we be in

the provision of pleasures which no incident can destroy; and which will be a source of continual enjoyment when age shall have relaxed the springs of passion, and entirely precluded the power of active and vigorous exertion. These are the pleasures of a mind resting its hopes on the prospects of a future and endless state of happiness; the gratifications of a conscience not harrowed by the remorse of time mispent. 'As he who lives longest,' says the Rambler, 'lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to lose. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration; and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away those months and years in which he should have laboured, must remember that he now has only a part of that of which the whole is little, and that as the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of Heaven, not one is to be lost.'

Opportunities of acting also, it is important to be remarked, do not always occur; and we may lose, by not improving a favourable opportunity, advantages which years of future endeavour may not, perhaps, be able to encompass. The great folly of those deluded victims of procrastination is ably displayed by the Latin satirist, and the advice with which he com-

mences is worthy to be imprinted on the recollection of every individual.

Sapere, aude,
 Incipe. Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
 Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
 Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise,
 He who defers his work from day to day,
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
 Till the whole stream that stopped him should be gone,
 Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on.

COWLEY.

Let us then resolve, and firmly adhere to every resolution, and never defer to the future what it is incumbent on us now to perform. Let us recollect that every moment of life has its appropriate duties. If those duties are well performed, if those moments are well employed, they will produce the most consoling effects. They will give to man the greatest of all blessings, an approving conscience. They will conduce to the happiness of the present life, and be intimately connected with the happiness of a life hereafter.

To repent of sin—to turn to God in newness of life—to dedicate the whole being to him who redeemed

us by his blood, are dictates of the *only true wisdom*, and this we recommend and seek to enforce by the following declarations of Holy Writ: thus closing our labours by words of divine inspiration. ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no counsel or device or knowledge in the grave, whither thou goest.’ ‘Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is your life? It is a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away.’ ‘The night cometh in which no man can work.’

THE END.

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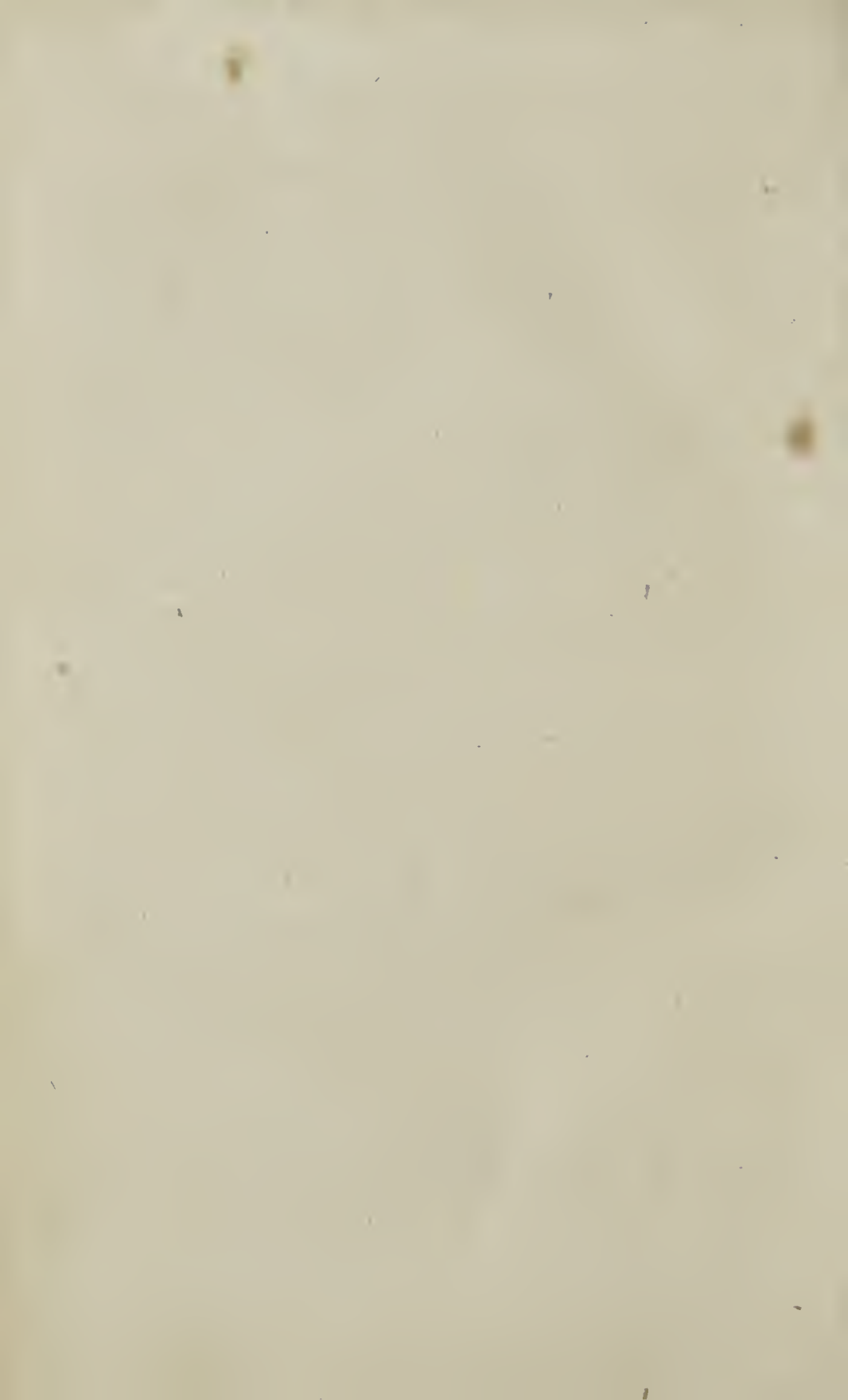
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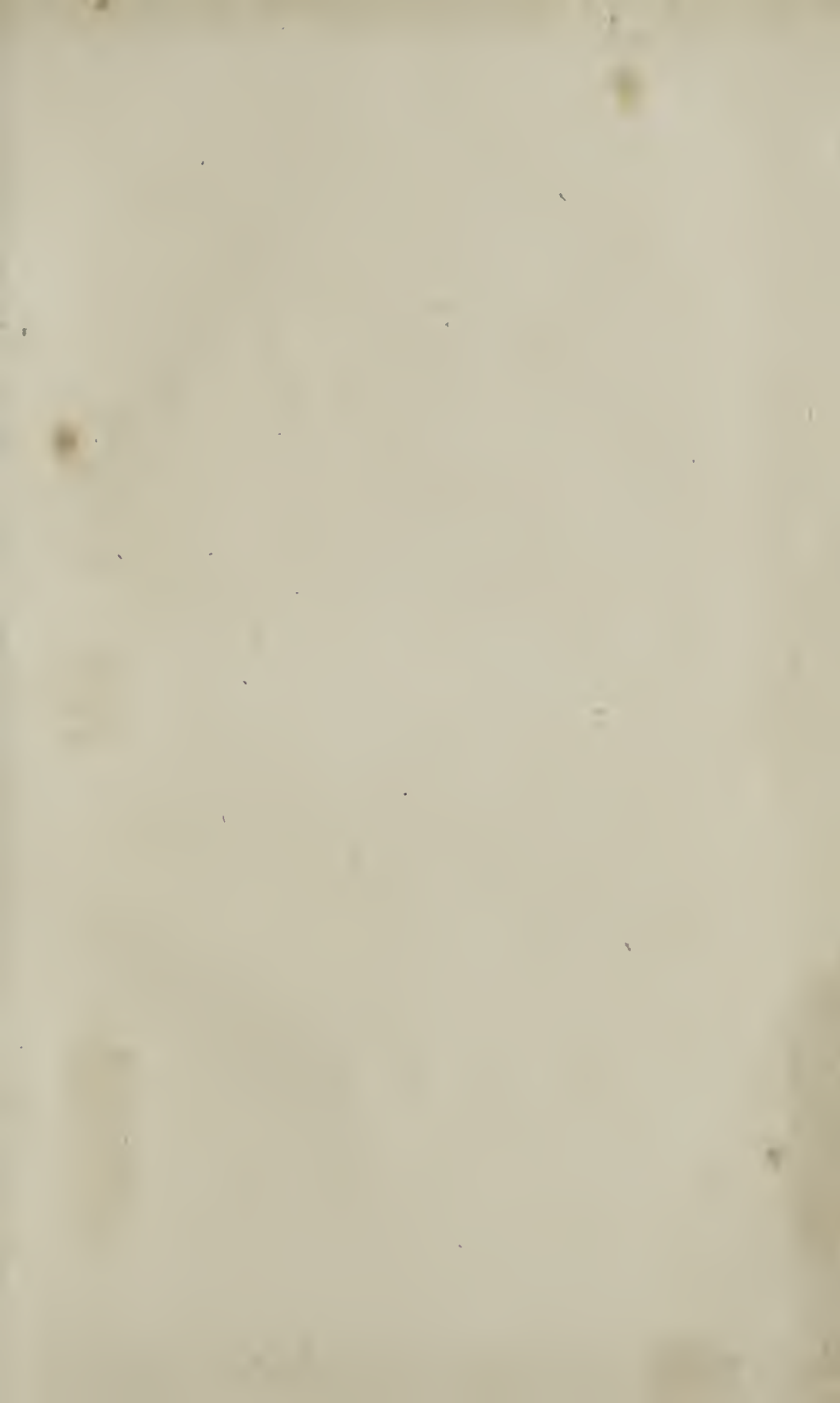
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